# HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXXIX.—No. 1993. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1895. TEN CENTS A COPY. FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.


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MUNICIPAL REFORM BUILDING NOW BEING ERECTED for F. K NICKERBOCKER W. L. STRONG Agt.
WALKING DELEGATE
POLICE REFORM
POWER OF REMOVAL BILL.
W. A. Rogers.

THE STRIKE AGAINST STRONG.

WALKING DELEGATE PLATT IN ALBANY.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 2, 1895.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

*Subscriptions may begin with any Number.*


## PARTISAN ASPECT OF MUNICIPAL REFORM.

THERE are, no doubt, not a few Republicans in the New York Legislature who honestly believe that it is right and proper to shape legislation concerning the municipal affairs of this metropolis in such a way as to secure the greatest possible advantage to the Republican party, and who, for this reason, with implicit confidence follow the directions of a leader of whom they believe that he thoroughly understands the art of so managing a party as to increase its strength and chances of success. We will also, for argument's sake, assume that Mr. THOMAS C. PLATT, in all his political schemes and manipulations, has, in good faith, only the interests of his party in view, irrespective of his own, and that all he aims at is to put his party in the best possible condition for the Presidential campaign of 1896. The question, then, will be how this end can be most effectively served.

No shrewd politician will close his eyes to the fact that with a great many excellent citizens party allegiance has become a very uncertain quantity; that the idea of punishing their own party for misconduct or for a failure to meet its pledges, either by staying away from the polls or by voting directly for the candidates of the opposite party, has lost to them all its terrors; that machine politics have become very odious; that the possession and manipulation of the patronage in the old spoils fashion has again and again proved far more injurious than beneficial to party fortunes, and that since 1884 that national party which at the time was in possession of the offices has uniformly been defeated. He will from all these experiences draw the inevitable conclusion that the leader who in his endeavors to strengthen his party relies mainly on the acquisition and distribution of plunder in its various shapes, and on the building up of machines, is fundamentally mistaken, and that the strength of a party really rests upon the popular confidence it wins by the service it renders to the cause of good government.

Let the Republican members of the Legislature who are sincerely solicitous of the welfare of their party look at the question how they should treat the municipal interests of New York city in their legislative action from this point of view. They know that the struggle against Tammany Hall and the victory achieved by the united action of good citizens without distinction of party have attracted the sympathetic attention of the whole American people. They know also that further developments in New York city are watched with the liveliest interest all over the country. Some Republican politicians pretend that because Mayor STRONG is a Republican and the Republicans in this city generally voted for him, the Republican party will be held responsible for the success or failure of his administration, and that therefore the Republican party through its leaders should control his doings. This is a mistake. Mayor STRONG was elected on a non-partisan platform. He has declared his determination to carry out that platform in good faith in the direction of non-partisan municipal government. If he is furnished all the facilities he demands for doing so and then fails, the failure will be his, and the Republican party will not be responsible for it. But what the Republican party of this State will really be held responsible for by all just men in the whole country is the willingness or unwillingness of the Republican majority in the Legislature to grant to the Mayor, and to the citizenship of New York standing behind him, those legislative measures, that degree of home-rule, which they think necessary for the establishment of good government in the city.

In this respect the Republicans in the Legislature may do one of two things, and thus make up the record of the Republican party. They may say: We recognize the fact that the late municipal election was won by a union of public-spirited citizens without distinction of party, and that the Mayor is bound in good faith to carry on the municipal government in a non-partisan spirit with a single eye to the public good. We recognize also that the Mayor, and those under whose auspices he was elected, have a clear right to speak in the name of the city as to the legislation needed to enable them to give the city good government. That legislation the Republican members of the Legislature feel themselves in duty bound to give them, in the public interest, without any thought of what patronage may or may not fall to the share of their party. We will ungrudgingly give the people of New York city all the powers and facilities they wish to rid themselves of the horrible misrule under which they have suffered so long, and to establish for themselves the order of things they like. And for this unselfish readiness to aid them in every possible way we demand credit for the Republican party.

On the other hand, the Republicans in the Legislature may say: Whether the Mayor of New York was elected by a non-partisan majority and upon a non-partisan platform or not, the Republicans have furnished the bulk of the votes by which he was elected, and we want the patronage; and we want that patronage to be given to such Republicans as the leaders of our party may name. If Mayor STRONG has pledged himself to carry out the non-partisan platform on which he was elected, and if that pledge stands in the way of his giving us the patronage which we demand, so much the worse for him. He has to break that pledge to satisfy us. And if he do not, he shall not have a single piece of legislation beyond the Power of Removal act to enable him to do what he thinks necessary for the welfare of the community. No matter whether or not the Mayor considers the men recommended by us the fittest for the places to be filled, we must have that patronage to feed the boys and to keep up our organization in the interest of the Republican party.

Now we ask intelligent Republican members of the Legislature in all candor, in which of these two ways do you think you will serve your party best? By showing that you have not the slightest respect for the patriotic spirit of the recent uprising in this city, and that you subordinate everything to the question of spoils? By trying to force the Mayor to break his solemn pledge and to cease being an honest man merely that your workers may have the plunder? Do you not think you will much more effectually commend your party to public confidence and to popular support, and thereby strengthen it in the vital point, by demonstrating that it appreciates and respects the endeavors of public-spirited citizens for the common weal, and that it can be counted upon as the friend and supporter of good government under any circumstances?

We urgently commend these questions to honest Republicans in the Legislature for serious meditation. The enlightened public opinion of the country points out the answer. Nothing is more certain than that a party which fights for spoils as against good government will ultimately go to the wall.

## THE PEOPLE AND THEIR DISHONEST CONGRESSMEN.

IT is well to look the facts of the present financial situation frankly in the face. Congress has refused to pass a bill providing for the issue of gold bonds. The result is, if the 4-per-cent. bonds issued under the acts of 1862 and 1875 run for the full term of thirty years, that this refusal will cost the government $16,000,000. For the time during which they actually do run, whether it be more or less than thirty years, the cost to the government will be more than $500,000 a year. There is also a sentimental side to the incident, and sentiment has often a very practical bearing in monetary matters. The country was humiliated. Its government seemed a suspected borrower. Its securities were sold as if they were not of the first character. The bonds issued by some of its small cities sell for a higher price than was paid for its last issue. And for this unhappy state of affairs the law-making branch of the government is responsible. The discussion of the conduct of the bankers and the outcry against what is said to be their greedy haste to make money at the cost of the public credit are out of place. We may hope for and extol patriotic sacrifices, but we cannot excuse a government that risks its existence on the expectation of them. Moreover, our credit has been vindicated by the eagerness of investors for the new bonds.

The incident is ended. The loss of money has been incurred. But there is coming a time of reckoning with the men who brought this loss upon us, and their names should be impressed upon the memories of the people who have the power to punish them. Why did the new government 4's sell at 104, when the old 4's, with their credit based upon the traditional policy of the government to pay its outstanding obligations in gold, were bringing more than 110? Why was the government forced to pay 3¾ per cent. for $62,000,000, when a few months ago it borrowed $50,000,000 at the rate of 2⅝ per cent.? Merely because Congress refused to agree to pay the new bonds in gold. The bankers bound themselves to take 3-per-cent. gold bonds, but insisted on 3¾ per cent. if the bonds were made payable in coin.

Some of the Congressmen who opposed the issuing of gold bonds said that to agree to pay in gold was to change the financial policy of the government, and they were opposed to change. There were others who said that the change was unnecessary, because it had been always the policy of the government to pay its coin obligations in gold. This is true. It is even true with respect to the Treasury notes of 1890, which the Secretary may pay in gold or silver at his discretion so long as he maintains the parity of the two metals, that he has always met every demand for gold made by the holders of them. But the time had come when his ability to continue to do so was doubted. Admitting that the doubt was unjust, it was not without excuse. Foreign capitalists, indeed, were abundantly justified. They knew that a majority of the Senate was for the free coinage of silver, which means silver monometallism, and that the situation was not improved by the fact that the Democratic party was in the minority in that body. On the contrary, the free-silver vote in the Senate will be larger after the 4th of March than it is to-day. Even our own bankers showed their lack of faith in the power of the government to continue to pay in gold. The announcement by Senator SHERMAN that the Finance Committee could not report a bill or a resolution that did not include a provision for the free coinage of silver produced its effect at home and abroad. Ex-Speaker REED's substitute bill, in which he insisted on coin instead of gold bonds, was another occasion for distrust. The evident impossibility of adopting any currency or financial measure, which was made clear during the debate on the SPRINGER bill, was still another. Therefore, when the last loan was pending, the bankers of the world declared their doubts. How practical had been their fears was shown by the fact that during the month of January, when gold was leaving the Treasury with alarming rapidity, as much was taken for hoarding in the vaults of the banks and the trust companies of this country as for export. The bankers said, in effect: "Notwithstanding your traditional policy of paying your coin obligations in gold, we fear that the free-silver and fiat-money sentiment in Congress is too strong to enable you to continue it. Therefore we cannot lend you our gold on such terms as we would gladly offer if we were assured that you would repay us in gold." If a similar negotiation were to take place between private parties, the refusal of the borrower to agree to pay in gold on the ground that an agreement to pay in coin had always meant gold payment would justify the lender in assuming that his debtor would cheat him by paying in silver if it served his purpose to do so when the loan fell due. Under our laws an agreement to pay in coin may be taken advantage of by a dishonest President or Secretary of the Treasury, or by a silver-blinded politician, to pay in silver. Moreover, if, as some of the Republican leaders like Mr. REED and Mr. LODGE asserted, coin payments are gold payments, why not satisfy the foolish doubts of the bankers and say gold? The truth is that some Congressmen refused to promise gold because they wanted the government to pay in silver, while others refused because they were afraid to offend the silver-miners and their faction. That the insistence on the word coin was a tricky avoidance of the obligation to pay gold was further manifested by the opposition to Senator SHERMAN'S resolution, supported by Senator HILL, which provided that when any bonds or obligations of the government fell due they should be paid in the coin of the highest value. If a debtor declines to promise to pay in the best money, why is it not to be presumed that he intends to pay with the cheapest money that the law recognizes?

We do not believe that the Congressmen who refused to promise gold, and thereby to save the country $16,000,000, spoke for the people of the United States. They may have spoken for the mining-camps, and for the fiat-money Populists, but there is abundant evidence that the people of the United States are not dishonest, and are not looking for loop-holes through which they may escape their obligations. To suppose that the country will sustain Congress in its expensive performance is to suppose that it is as shifty and surreptitious as the traditional cunning attorney who words a contract with the view of permitting his dishonest client to avoid his obligations. In the first place, our Secretaries of the Treasury have paid gold because they knew that the country would not sustain them in paying anything else. Although one

House or another has at different times voted that silver is as "sacred" as gold—to quote a phrase from the reverent WOLCOTT—there has never been a time when a politician standing alone, with no one to sustain him by going on record with him, but solely responsible, as the Secretary of the Treasury is, would dare to pay a solitary government bond in silver. In the second place, the action of the Representatives who have come recently from the people, and who are most nearly in touch with public sentiment, is evidence that the country is in favor of sound money. The House did its part towards abolishing the SHERMAN act in a few days after taking up the repeal bill, and when the administration's currency bill was before it, although it declined to aid the Treasury, and was as dishonest in that way as the Senate could be, it voted down every silver proposition that was offered. It voted down Mr. BRYAN'S resolution providing that government bonds should be payable in silver, by 169 to 127; and by a vote of 130 to 52 sustained the chairman of the Committee of the Whole in ruling out Mr. BLAND'S substitute providing for free coinage and repealing the acts which have enabled the President to save the government from bankruptcy.

In the third place, with few exceptions, the influential newspapers of the country are for sound money, and are protesting against the assault upon the public credit of which Congress has been guilty. In the fourth place, the Democrats of the Alabama Legislature have voted in favor of gold bonds for the State, showing that they recognize the right of the lenders of money to an assurance that they will be paid in the best money.

These are a few suggestive indications of the feeling of the country. It is a feeling that ought to be stimulated by argument and appeal. The cowardice and dishonesty of Congressmen who declined to promise gold have cost the people much in money, but more in discredit and shame. Every man with an honest and sound-money constituency who, directly or indirectly, has aided in compelling the government to pay 3¾ per cent. for its last loan should be made to feel the wrath of the voters. He ought to have no future in public life.

## CALIFORNIA'S GRIEVANCE.

THE economic and political conditions of California present a subject of great interest to the whole country, because they arise from the relations of the State and the people to the railroads which were built by land grants and money subsidies bestowed by the general government. What the relations between those roads and the United States have become is familiar knowledge. The main Pacific railroads are in default, and are begging the government to grant them a long extension of their debts at a lower rate of interest than they originally agreed to pay. The merits of this request have no bearing on the past conduct of the roads. A simple business proposition is presented to Congress, and the House of Representatives has decided against granting the extension, without much regard to the results that may follow such a decision.

What the people of California believe as to the relations between themselves and the roads, and especially to the Southern Pacific, which seems to control nearly every transportation line by land or water which affects the interests of California producers and merchants, is told on other pages of this issue of the WEEKLY by Mr. JULIAN RALPH, who was commissioned to make a personal investigation of the subject. His report is of great interest and importance.

In the first place, he finds the people who are engaged in trade which requires the transportation of their goods suffering from hard times. Hard times are just now common to the whole country, but the California merchants, fruit and wheat growers, and importers have a specific grievance. They say that they are in the power of a gigantic monopoly which owns the lines of road connecting them with the East or traversing the State, and most of the steamships plying to foreign countries. It is complained that every business man in the State is in the hands of this monopoly, and that business is limited or actually destroyed by the enormous freight charges imposed on local traffic for the purpose of making good the losses incurred on the through traffic. This monopoly enters into municipal as well as State affairs, and corrupts the politics of both.

The terrible tyranny and the extortions of which California complains are set forth by Mr. RALPH in minute detail, so that his article is an instructive study of what can happen to the body politic through the greed of a corporation whose only concern is to pile up fortunes for its owners as rapidly as possible. Unfortunately the general government is deeply concerned in the situation through its connection as creditor with the land-grab and subsidized roads. This connection causes the people of the State to turn to Washington for relief—a relief which the government cannot grant without an even more radical departure from its traditional and sound policy than it made when it entered into the original bargain to aid in the construction of the roads.

San Francisco is just now the centre of an active movement to reorganize a competition to the monopoly, and great care seems to have been taken to prevent the projectors of this competition from "selling out." If the movement be a success, California may redeem itself, and it is certainly through its own efforts that the most effective and lasting relief is to be gained. The experiment will be watched with interest on the Atlantic as well as on the Pacific seaboard.

## CONCERNING WILD BEASTS.

So far the provision made in this city for the public study of the animal kingdom has been of the mildest and least imposing character. A visit to the corner of the Central Park in which our zoological treasures are at present disposed is an event by no means calculated to arouse enthusiasm, unless it be in the minds of the very young and inexperienced. A few deer, of by no means rare varieties, greet the visitor, on his arrival, from their by no means festive-looking enclosures. A few animals of the ox tribe, including a depressed-looking bison, with much dishevelled hair in the places where it has not been rubbed off, may next command attention. Then there is a small house where some poor monkeys assert, rather feebly, their claims to notice, in the neighborhood of another where a not very select collection of plumage birds represents the glories of the feathered kingdom. A house containing three elephants, none of them provided with the tusks dear to the imagination of childhood, painfully suggests the increasing demand for ivory. A few fairly good lions, tigers, leopards, pumas, and other beasts of prey, an exceedingly small and scaly-looking rhinoceros, of which Africa has no reason to feel proud, two or three bears, foxes, and wolves, go far to exhaust the more attractive features of the collection which at present represents in New York the endless varieties of the animal kingdom for the instruction of youth. There is no denying the fact that Nature hardly gets fair play. Her beauty, her variety, her thousand and one adaptations to environment of beasts and birds, not to speak of aquatic animals, are absolutely nowhere in our menagerie in Central Park.

They manage these things better elsewhere. In London, in Berlin, in Vienna, there are really representative collections, and although the famous Parisian collection has never recovered from the gastronomic and other exigencies of the great siege, it is still a marvel both of completeness and of instructive arrangement compared with anything we can boast of.

It is gratifying to find that a reasonable attempt is being made to obtain the legislative sanction necessary to secure for this city the benefit of a real zoological garden, instead of a menagerie occupying an unsuitable corner of our Central Park. The bill before the Assembly to incorporate a zoological garden is a timely measure. By its provisions the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund will be able to grant a site for the garden to the north of 155th Street, but not in Central Park. The Park Commissioners will also be able to sell or hand over the care of the present collection of animals and appliances on terms to the new corporation. On the whole, the proposals appear to be fair, and even liberal, in the public interests, and it is to be hoped that no little differences between tigers and hyenas at Albany may be allowed to interfere with the passage of a measure which, except in a purely scientific sense, appears to be singularly free from all marks of the beast.

## IN DEFENCE OF BRITISH CANDOR.

MOVED by the remark of an English woman at a public dinner in Boston, that England would stop sending paupers to America if only America would stop sending millionaires of a certain specified type to England, an outraged American has been writing to a daily paper in New York to suggest that some simple formula of good manners should be handed to the English gentlemen and English ladies who come to these shores, so that their critical attacks may not wound the feelings of the rude but hospitable natives. The letter-writer wrote as if he were a personal friend of the highly respectable millionaire whom the English woman objected to, and it is likely enough that his personal annoyance at having this individual countryman disparaged gave a bias to his sentiments, and led him to ask for something which in cold blood he would hardly have desired. For would it really profit us if all the Britons who came here put on their company manners on emerging from the custom-house, and wore them religiously until they got back home? It might profit our visitors to do so. To some it would be useful discipline, for of course not all Britons are polite. To many it would prove directly remunerative in increased favor and amplified hospitality. To others it would make no difference, because they are well-mannered people as it is. But would it be a gain to us?

There is reason to doubt it, and even to believe that it is, in almost all respects, more profitable to us that our English visitors should conduct themselves according to their own untrammelled instincts and habits, and should speak their minds about us and ours as freely as they choose. If it is advantageous or interesting to us to know their sentiments about us at all, it is certainly more advantageous to know their real sentiments than to have their impressions modified and prettified for American consumption. So, too, if it is useful to us to know the English who come to us, it is surely more instructive to know them as they naturally appear than under any artificial restraint as to speech or behavior. As a rule, when any one is really injured by an imprudent freedom of speech, it is not the person who is talked about, but the person who talks. In the majority of cases the only person who is damaged by rude behavior is the person who is rude. No great people can be hurt by the criticism of visitors. If the criticism is sound it may be useful; if it is absurd it is usually amusing to the criticised, and detrimental to the critic's reputation. It does us no sort of harm, for example, for America to be regarded by English story-writers as the mother of heiresses whose pecuniary ability may in some measure offset the disadvantages of their lack of rank and social training. If it is felt in English society that to marry a rich American is, on the whole, often preferable to bankruptcy or strict retrenchment, it is a decided advantage to Americans to know it. If Lady HENRY SOMERSET thinks Mr. ASTOR an undesirable addition to the population of England, if Mr. STEAD or Mr. BURNS thinks Chicago a pocket edition of hell, if English critics fail to see the merits of American books which American readers like, why should we grumble at them for their candor in expressing their sentiments? It would be of no advantage to us to have them say what they do not think. If they are ever so faithful and honest in their admonitions, they may fail to do us any good, but certainly they cannot benefit us by being hypocritically civil.

So if English travellers who come here have something to say about us when they get home, it seems a pity to demand that they shall put themselves under any restraint about saying it. The American does not shelter and feed his British guest in order that the Britisher may speak well of him when he gets home. He entertains him for his own amusement, because travelling Englishmen divert him; because he likes to find out what they know and observe, and how they behave, and hear what they have to say.

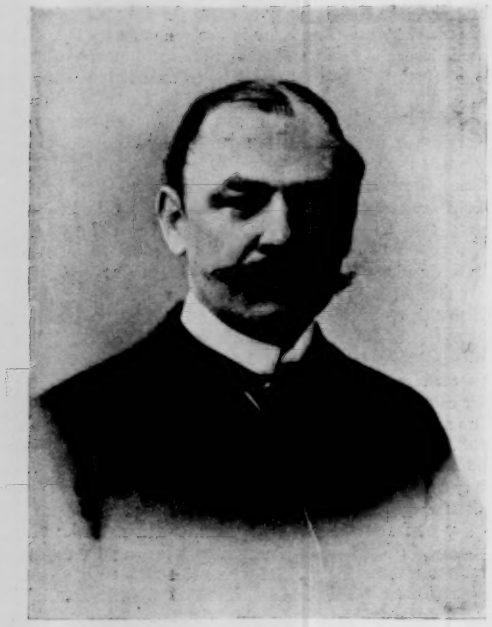
Let us take our visiting Britons less seriously, hoping that they will speak their minds freely on all subjects, and conduct themselves as nearly as possible as they do at home. If they do not speak sensibly, what they say will be of little consequence. If they do speak sensibly, it is to our advantage to hear what they have to say. If an English visitor is rude, so much the worse for him. It is natural that his American entertainers should like him the less for it, but it is neither natural nor sensible that they should rail about it in the newspapers.

## BOSTON'S LIBRARY.

IT is often said that Boston has ceased to be the literary and art centre of the country. It has, it is true, lost the group of literary men and women whose presence led the city to be called the "Athens of America." When OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES died, a few weeks ago, the last of the group departed, and Boston and the country now possess only the memory and the living works of those honored Americans whose achievements mark an epoch in our literary history.

In a certain sense Boston has indeed ceased to be the literary and art centre of the country. The reason for this is patent. But in another, and perhaps a better sense, Boston remains a wholesome exemplar of the noble results of popular education. Its Public Library has just been placed in its new home. This home is one of the beautiful ornaments of the finest city square in the country. In some respects there is no feature of any city in the world finer than this. Facing the beautiful library building is RICHARDSON'S great monument—Trinity Church. On a third side of the square is the Art Museum. The Public Library building has been said to be the most impressive structure of its kind in the world. It is embellished by the work of ST. GAUDENS, and is to be still further adorned by a series of paintings by Mr. ABBEY. These paintings have aroused the enthusiastic admiration of the artists and critics of London, where they have been exhibited. The kindred arts have lent their aid to make this home of books worthy of its purpose. The hundreds of thousands of volumes are now on the shelves, all of them accessible to the citizens of Boston. With the exception of some special libraries that must be consulted at the library, these books may be taken out by the people and read at their homes. It is a free library in the best and fullest sense.

High up on one side of the building, under the cornice, is carved a legend announcing to all who read it that the library was built by the people of Boston for the advancement of learning. The cultivated citizen of New York, looking at this, must always be greatly impressed with the simple dignity and the suggestiveness of the inscription. This library is not a gift. The State did not build it for its chief city. Generous men have presented it with books, but the building itself and most of the rich treasures within it have been paid for by the people of Boston. There is nothing like this library in the city of New York. There is nothing equal to it in any city. Mr. TILDEN attempted to bequeath one to the metropolis, but his attempt has been thwarted in the courts, and there seems to be no prospect that even the small sum saved from the wreck will be soon available. There is no library to which the citizens of New York can point as their own. There is none from which every citizen may procure the books he may wish to read. No one seems to have thought that the people of New York might build their library as the people of Boston have built theirs. Boston may have gone to other cities for its architects and sculptor and painter, but the fine spirit which made the occasion for this sympathetic employment of art animated the Bostonians themselves, and it is the possession of that spirit which marks a cultivated people. Boston need not fear intellectual comparison with any municipality in the world so long as its public library remains worthy of its new and beautiful abode.



CHARLES F. WARWICK.—[See Page 198.]
Mayor-Elect of Philadelphia. From a Photo. by Gutekunst.

## FRÉDÉRIC FEBVRE.

It is refreshing to hear of a European actor who comes here not to fill his wallet with the mighty American dollar, but for the simple purpose of seeing the country—to travel, to observe, and to spend the money that success in his profession has won him abroad. Such a man is M. Frédéric Febvre, for twenty-six years a member and for several years Vice-Doyen of the Théâtre Français.

M. Febvre is past middle age now, and he doubtless richly deserves the pension that his many years of active service on the first stage of France have entitled him to. Forty-five years ago he made his début at the Théâtre Mont-Parnasse, in the suburbs of Paris, and thence he went to Havre, where he played for several years. Subsequently he appeared at the Théâtre de l'Ambigu, in Paris, at the Théâtre Beaumarchais, the Théâtre de la Porte St.-Martin, the Théâtre de la Gaieté, the Odéon, and the Vaudeville. He was at the Vaudeville from 1861 until 1866, and only left to be admitted as "pensionnaire" at the Théâtre Français. During his career there he created no less than thirty different rôles, and gave a new reading to characters in twenty-eight different revivals. As M. Febvre says himself:

"While connected with the theatre at Havre I played in everything—tragedy, comedy, drama, melodrama, farce, opéra comique. And I played nearly every sort of rôle. But in that time I acquired a great deal of very valuable and useful experience, as you may well imagine. And yet, when I entered the Théâtre Français, it seemed to me as if I was only beginning to learn the grammar of my art. There was so much to learn, so much to study, so many difficulties to overcome. In fact, it seems to me that the actor has no sooner learned all in his art than he finds he has all to learn!"

And so it is evident also that M. Febvre is a modest man. He is likewise a gentleman of keen observation, and a firm believer in his art and in his profession.

"It is not true," he said, with a true Gallic shrug of the shoulders, "that the art of acting is on the decline. The stage at present is passing through a transitory phase. It is not at the point of death. It is simply striving to renew its existence. As Auber once said, when I asked him what the music of the future would be, 'It will be the music that is played the longest.' So with the stage, the true art will be that which survives. We are now living in an age of materialism and realism. We are inventing telephones and phonographs and kinetoscopes. That is why we have so-called 'realistic' plays thrust upon us at every rise of the curtain. Fifty years ago our fathers lived in a more or less romantic period, and the playwrights naturally gave them romance—Anthony's dagger and Werther's pistol. In this day of steam and electricity I really feel as if your wonderful Mr. Edison had, unconsciously perhaps, but none the less effectually, hastened the crisis through which dramatic art is now passing. The old-fashioned dramatists wrote plays in three acts. In the first they introduced their characters and told the audience plainly what was going to happen, after the fashion of the Mysteries performed in the Middle Ages. In the second act there was action and brisk dialogue, and in the third the complications were untangled and everything ended well. But in those days people dined early, and reached the theatre before the curtain went up on the first act. Now all this is changed. The public dines late. The theatre-goer takes his seat when the play is half over, and—well, it is just like opening a book in the middle and trying to get the sense of the story.

"The fact is that formerly the theatre was a passion with the public, and now it is a relaxation. The average person—the late diner, let us say—goes to the play to pass an agreeable hour. He is tired, perhaps, and does not want to follow closely the thread of any plot that may be acted out before him. He prefers a series of amusing, grotesque, more or less interesting scenes. Can you blame the dramatists, the managers, the actors, for giving him what he demands? Certainly not. But I believe this condition, as I have said, to be purely transitory. Good dramatists cannot force conditions. But favorable times can create and develop good dramatists.

"Art, after all, is consistent. There come a lot of painters who are ignorant of drawing. They go to work and invent 'impressionism,' and even 'neo-impressionism.' They tell the public that this is the true art; but the true art lives nevertheless; and when a man comes along who knows how to paint, his pictures, and not the canvases of the impressionists, will be accepted as the expression of truth.

"The new school of dramatic art does not terrify me. It does not make me tremble for the future of the stage. I am well aware that, at bottom, all this modern craze is harmless. I have a perfect faith in the advent of the good. The writer is coming who will give us strong, healthy, virile work. He will again perpetuate, in the language of Hugo and Corneille, those three religions which are really but one—Home, Family, and Love. Othello, Tartuffe, vice and crime struggling with justice, good striving against evil—all these belong to the present and to the future as well as to the past. They defy annihilation, and will ever be extolled."

The faith and affections of M. Febvre are very strongly pinned to the old school. He believes thoroughly in the old dramatic art, and he cannot understand that modern conditions should be allowed to affect the Muses. As he says, more or less directly, he is down on telephones and modern science for the evil they have done in increasing the value of time. He ingenuously illustrates this feeling of his by the following anecdote:

"One night when I was off duty I took a seat in the stalls at the Théâtre Français to witness *Le Supplice d'une Femme*. Next to me sat a man who showed considerable impatience over the length of the waits between the acts, and kept constantly pulling his watch out of his pocket. Finally he said to me:

"'These fellows will make me miss my train, with their infernally long waits. I have no time to sit here looking at a curtain. I have just come from Rouen, and I am going back on the midnight train.'

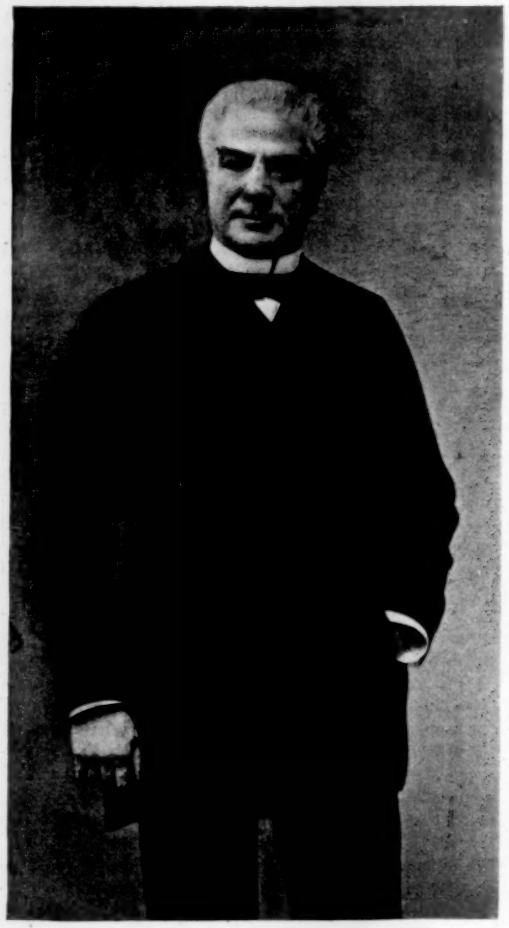
"What can you do with such a man as that?" asks M. Febvre. "He wants to catch a train. Probably an express train. No doubt he has a telephone, even a phonograph, in his house, and a table covered with cable despatches. How on earth are you going in for the development of character with such a man? He must catch a train! Edison forever, and the deuce take æsthetics!"

Then M. Febvre sighed, and added: "But it was all different in the old days. I remember once Dumas told me that on the night his first play was produced two gentlemen had a difference of opinion just before the rise of the curtain. They slapped each other's faces, but they waited until the end of the third act before they asked for explanations. Nowadays, I suppose, they would have immediately gone outside to fight a duel with electric Gatling guns!"

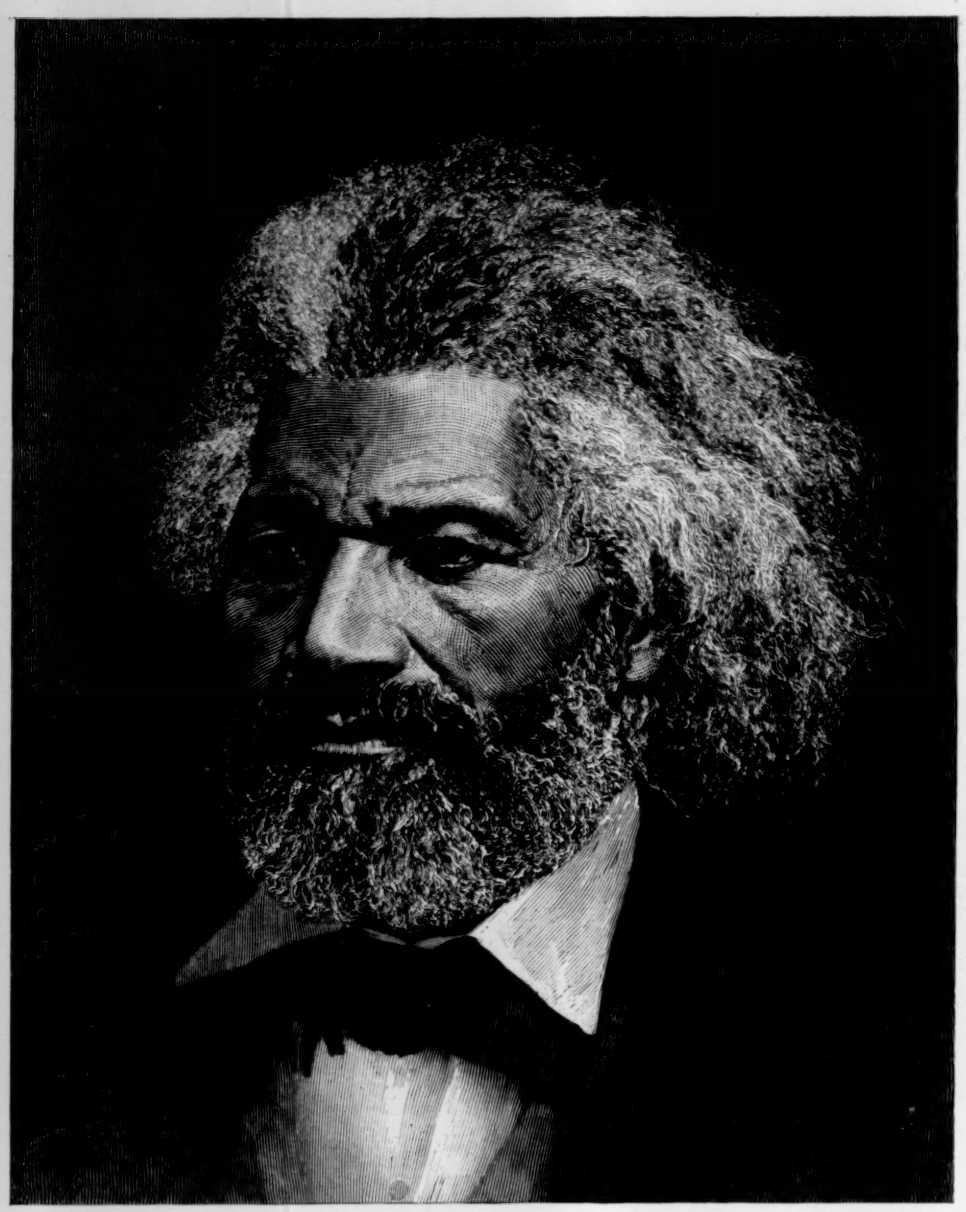
It had been M. Febvre's first intention to lecture on dramatic art once or twice while in this country, but he has abandoned that idea.

"I came to the conclusion," he said, dryly, "that such a lecture from an actor would somehow seem to be explaining what his art had left uncomprehended. The public knows already when a thing is good. They need not know why."

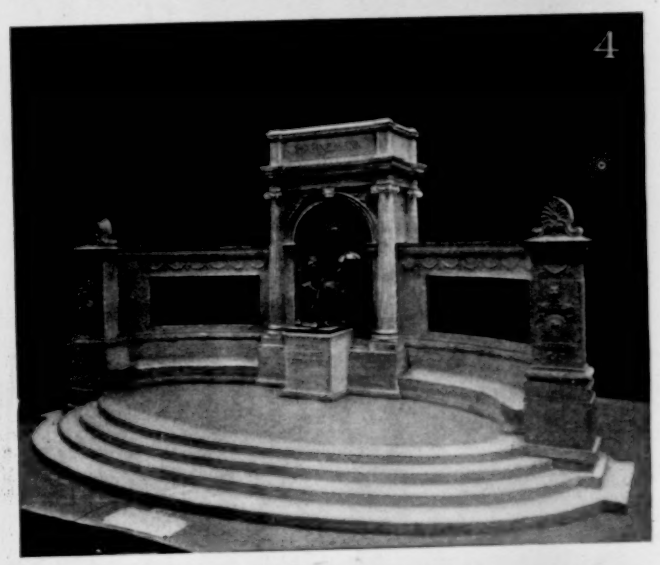
ALBERT LEE.



FRÉDÉRIC FEBVRE



FREDERICK DOUGLASS,
Died February 20, 1895.—[See Page 198.]



FROM THE TENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE OF NEW YORK.—[See Page 198.]

1. Bronze and Iron Fire-Dog. 2. A View through the Galleries. 3. Examples of Wrought-iron Ornament. 4. Accepted Design, by C. H. Niehaus, made in Competition for Monument to Samuel Hahnemann, Washington, D. C. 5. Sketch for Decorative Panel in Grill-Room of Mask and Wig Club. 6. A View in the Vanderbilt Gallery.

## DEATH OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

WHENEVER the long agitation in America against negro slavery is recalled the name of Frederick Douglass will also be remembered, and his shade will be conspicuous in the ghostly company made up of William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, John Brown, Henry Ward Beecher, Oliver Johnson, and Owen Lovejoy. Among these Douglass was the only man with negro blood in his veins, the only one who, in his own person, had suffered the penalties and experienced the pains of slavery. Born in Maryland in 1817, a slave, his mother being a negro woman and his father a white man, he conquered opportunities and achieved distinction in the face of extraordinary difficulties. Lloyd, the owner of Douglass, perceiving that this lad was bright and enterprising, and that he was learning to read and write, did what he could to put a stop to this sort of advancement. But Douglass had already achieved the alphabet by studying the carpenters' marks on the lumber that he handled on the wharfs at Baltimore, and he had received some instruction from the lady with whom he lived.

Douglass has related that so early as he could remember he realized to some extent the degradation of slavery. The stop to his studies deepened this feeling, and he determined to win his freedom as quickly as possible. But it was not till he was twenty-one years old that he managed to escape, by way of New York, to Connecticut. He supported himself on the wharfs of New Bedford, and studied hard. In his efforts at self-education he was aided by William Lloyd Garrison. In 1841 he attended an antislavery convention at Nantucket, and made a speech which excited the enthusiasm of those who heard it. His description of slavery and its horrors was no fanciful sketch, but plain realism colored somewhat by the warmth of an inherited Orientalism. The convention offered him the agency of the Massachusetts Antislavery Society, and he accepted the post. For several years he travelled through New England, speaking and organizing.

At the invitation of a committee headed by the famous philanthropist, Lord Shaftesbury, in 1845 Mr. Douglass visited England, and staid there two years, telling of the inhumanity of slavery and assisting in the awakening of opposition to it on the part of the working and middle classes of the people. When he returned to this country, in 1847, he went to Rochester to live, and there began the publication of *Frederick Douglass's Paper*, the name of which was soon changed to *The North Star*, and as such issued weekly for several years. During his residence at Rochester Mr. Douglass was consulted by the antislavery leaders, and it has often been said that it was at the house of Mr. Douglass that John Brown made his plans to raid Virginia by way of Harper's Ferry. Douglass always insisted that he did not approve of Brown's project, though he admired his zeal and earnestness. But Governor Wise, of Virginia, made a requisition for Douglass's arrest and removal to Virginia as a conspirator with Brown. This requisition was on the Governor of Michigan, where Douglass then was. Douglass, however, did not wait to be arrested, but went to England, where he remained for many months. He then returned to Rochester and continued the publication of his paper.

When the war broke out he urged upon Mr. Lincoln the emancipation of the slaves and their enlistment in the army. When this was done Mr. Douglass was active in his aid of enlistment, and his assistance in forming the Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth Massachusetts regiments has been generally recognized.

After the abolition of slavery he discontinued his paper and began lecturing. This was his profession so long as he lived. It proved so remunerative that when he died, on the 20th of February, in Washington, he left a fortune of two or three hundred thousand dollars. In 1870 he founded in Washington a paper called *The New National Era*, which was conducted by him for several years, and then transferred to his sons. He held several public offices. In 1871 he was Assistant Secretary to the Commission to Santo Domingo, in 1872 he was Member of the Territorial Council of the District of Columbia, in 1872 he was Presidential Elector for the State of New York, in 1876 he was Marshal of the District of Columbia, in 1881 he was Recorder of Deeds for the District of Columbia, and in 1889 he was Minister of the United States to Haiti.

He wrote several books. They include *Narrative of My Experiences in Slavery, My Bondage and My Freedom*, and *Life and Times of Frederick Douglass*.

Mr. Douglass was twice married. His first wife was a negress. His second wife, now his widow, is a white woman. There was something strikingly noble in Mr. Douglass's appearance, and whoever beheld him felt immediately sure that the man before him was one of note—a personage. And yet he was in no sense a *poseur*. His last public appearance was on the day of his death, when he attended a meeting of women suffragists—a reform which he advocated with characteristic zeal.

## MAYOR STRONG'S NEW MEN.

### THE EXCISE BOARD.

ON Thursday, February 21st, Mayor Strong appointed Messrs. Charles H. Woodman, Julius Harburger, and Joseph Murray Excise Commissioners.

Mr. Woodman is a Republican who has twice held office under Democratic Mayors. He was appointed Civil Service Commissioner by Mayor Edson and Excise Commissioner by Mayor Grace. He served on the Excise Board with distinguished success, and brings to the office an experience and fitness that will be valuable to his colleagues. His absolute justice and impartiality during his former term commanded the respect if not the approval of the liquor-dealers. Mr. Harburger is a member of the Independent County, or "Steckler," organization, of which he was president for many years. He has been chief clerk of the Fourth District civil court for nine years, which position he held as the gift of Justice Alfred Steckler. He is Grand Master of the Independent Order of Free Sons of Israel. Though his appointment to the Excise Board is scarcely in line with the rest of Mayor Strong's appointments, he has the confidence of a large number of citizens, and has received commendations from the Commissioners of Accounts for the manner in which he has conducted the business of the Fourth District Court. Mr. Joseph Murray is a regular Republican, and was recommended by Commissioner Brookfield and Theodore Roosevelt. He is a contractor, and was custodian of the Custom-house during President Harrison's administration. Subsequently he had the restaurant privileges in Castle Garden. Although he had a strong backing from influential members of his party, he is, like Mr. Harburger, a man who will have to prove to the people his fitness for the office by the manner in which he discharges its duties.

The retiring board are Eugene L. Bushe (Tammany), resigned, and Michael C. Murphy (Tammany), and William Dalton (Tammany), president, removed. Under Tammany's rule the Excise Board has been one of the most shamelessly corrupt of the city departments, to which its close association with the liquor interests renders it especially liable. On account of its peculiar susceptibility to political influence, its members should always be chosen for their unimpeachable integrity and force of character.

### THE PRESIDENT OF THE PARK COMMISSION.

When Mayor Strong named the three commissioners of the New York parks, mention of whom was made last week, it was arranged that they should agree upon some one to be their colleague and to act as executive officer and president of the board. When it was announced that the commissioners had suggested that the Mayor appoint Mr. David H. King, Jun., well-informed men in New York recognized that the choice of the commissioners had fallen upon about the most fit man in the city for this place. Mr. King is a native of New York, and about fifty years old. He is a builder in a large way of business, and has constructed some of the most notable buildings in the metropolis. Among these may be mentioned the Equitable Building, the Madison Square Garden, and the Metropolitan Club. Mr. King has the reputation among the architects of the country of being able to do what he undertakes to do within the time agreed upon and in the manner specified. He is a man of education and wealth; he is a member of various social clubs, and the associate of gentlemen. He is in politics a mild Republican.

## PHILADELPHIA'S NEXT MAYOR.

CHARLES F. WARWICK, Republican, was elected Mayor of Philadelphia on Tuesday, February 19th, over ex-Governor Robert E. Pattison, Democrat, by a plurality of 61,000.

The Democrats had made a strong effort to enlist the independent vote on a reform platform, and the contest was one of the most bitter that has been waged in a local election in that city in many years. The fact that Mr Warwick had been put forward on the day before the nominating convention by the local leaders ahead of Senator Quay's candidate, State Senator Penrose, was believed to have caused a serious break in the Republican ranks; but the disaffection, if there was any, was more than counterbalanced by the defection in Democratic strongholds of the anti-Harrity Democrats, and the result was an overwhelming defeat of the reform movement. Though Governor Pattison's vote was larger than the Democratic vote for Governor last year, when Philadelphia went Republican by 85,000, he failed to hold his own in three of the usually Democratic wards.

The reckless determination of the local bosses to nullify the efforts of the Municipal League and the Citizens' Committee of Ninety-five was manifested by the open manner in which the police aided in bringing out the Warwick vote.

Mr. Warwick is forty-five years of age, and was educated in the public schools of Philadelphia and in the law department of the University of Pennsylvania. Since 1875 he has been prominent in political life, and has held successively the positions of Solicitor of the Board of Guardians of the Poor, Second Assistant District Attorney, and City Solicitor, which last office he has held continuously for ten years, having been elected three times to succeed himself. He is married, and has five children. He is a member of the Union League, Union Republican, and Young Republican clubs of Philadelphia.

## THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE EXHIBITION.

THE members of the Architectural League, though not the general public, are familiar with the fact that there is a marked tendency toward making our annual exhibition, in the character of its drawings, less amateurlike and more technical and educational.

The present exhibition, in the American Fine Arts Building, gives great encouragement to those who are interested in such a reform, for there is much more serious work presented this year than ever before.

An architectural exhibition, if it would do good, should be primarily for the profession. Of course the streets, the highways, and all building sites make the truest and best places for the exhibition to the public of the architect's work. There it influences and interests, more or less, every passer-by, the vulgar as well as the refined, the man who is ignorant of art matters in general as well as those who frequent the galleries. The architect's drawings are mainly a means to such a final and full exhibition of his work; and when these drawings are best and most fascinating to the educated architect they are oftentimes of least interest to the general public. The laymen who understand or appreciate such drawings are very few. A proof of this is in the fact that even in Paris so small a number of people visit exhibitions of the most serious kind of drawings in the section of architecture at the Salon; most of the visitors are architects or students. The wide world is our architectural gallery, and there are thousands of travellers who find more pleasure along the streets and in the monuments they visit than in all other things beside.

Good sketches and water-color perspectives may mask very bad architecture, and do more harm than good, deceiving the public and encouraging the wrong kind of study. The layman rarely sees anything more in the floor-plan than mere convenience of arrangement, yet this is the most important part of the entire composition. To the architect there is nothing more beautiful than a well-studied floor-plan, when seen either in drawing or in construction. The ground-plan should embody almost the entire artistic conception, while the geometrical elevations, well drawn, with shadows cast, render this conception complete. Noticeably there is more of this kind of work at the present exhibition than ever before. This is decidedly encouraging. It is a very hopeful sign of the times that this exhibition shows that these legitimate methods of study are more or less recognized by young and old, and by men of all schools. Many say that these are the methods peculiar to the École des Beaux-Arts, and those who work in this way are often called "Frenchites." To demonstrate that this is unreasonable and untrue one need only study the masterpieces of architecture built long before the founding of the École des Beaux-Arts to find that the same principles have always obtained. At the same time it may be conceded that these principles at present are best taught in Paris.

Another interesting and encouraging tendency, clearly defined at this exhibition, is manifest in the progress that is making towards what may be called modern architecture. Those also who share this tendency are sometimes called "Frenchites." There are some who would rather we should follow the Italians of four hundred years ago than the French of to-day. How unreasonable! In the history of the architecture of the Occident, just as in the history of life, the spirit of the times has always been dominant, controlling all variations with comparative independence of country or locality. The Zeitgeist is superior to all mere geographical divisions. In all times variations in style caused by differences of national character have been secondary and comparatively incidental.

In the early Renaissance the French were not afraid of being called Italian, because then Italy was the art centre, and the Renaissance had begun there.

It should be our aim, first of all, to be modern. If we are not modern our work cannot live, and our children will look upon it as we now look upon the deplorable Queen Anne efforts of a generation ago. How is it with the life and the governments of our time? In spirit there is much less difference between a republic and a monarchy of to-day than there is between any modern government and any government of four hundred years ago. As long as the spirit of democracy is characteristic of the age, it is generally safe to be somewhat democratic wherever we are. So in architecture it is nearer the truth to be somewhat modern French in style than either Italian or French of the sixteenth century. We shall be truly American only when we understand the principles of composition, and avoid copying, and when we solve the problems given us in our American life with the methods of study already referred to.

The tendency which interests architects, and is so clearly defined in this exhibition, is therefore not so much towards the *French* as it is towards the *modern* in architecture. What there is of French in it comes only from the fact that France is unquestionably the centre of the living art of to-day. The civilized world is, in a high sense, more nearly one people now than ever before.

I refrain from criticising any of the work in this exhibition, so interesting both from an architectural and from a decorative point of view, not only because I am a fellow-architect, but principally because I believe in all literary work it is best to stimulate art rather than to judge it. I might do more harm than good if I were to put into print my individual prejudices or even preferences, thus thrusting them upon hundreds of intelligent readers. A free and unhampered discussion about art may often be profitable, whereas the written opinions of an individual may only propagate and perpetuate mistaken ideas, which in private discussion would be neutralized.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

## A GROUP OF NEW SENATORS.

THERE will be many new faces in the Senate Chamber when that body meets again after the 4th of March. And naturally many faces long seen there will be missed. Notable among those who will have taken leave will be Senator Butler, of South Carolina, and Senator Ransom, of North Carolina. Notable among the new-comers will be Mr. Elkins of West Virginia, Mr. Carter of Montana, Mr. Thurston of Nebraska, Mr. Burrows of Michigan, Mr. Sewell of New Jersey, and Mr. Nelson of Minnesota. These men are known throughout the country. The other new members have yet to win renown. The remaining Senators chosen during the past two months were re-elected.

Mr. Lucien Baker, the new Republican Senator from Kansas, has practised law in Leavenworth for more than twenty-five years. He was born in Ohio in 1846, and educated in the common schools. He studied law at the University of Michigan, and when he had completed his course went to Leavenworth. He was once City Attorney of that place, and once also he ran for Congress, but was defeated. His part of the State of Kansas was in the hands of the Prohibitionists for ten years or so previous to 1892. Then Mr. Baker ran for the State Senate as a Republican, and was elected by a large majority. In the State Senate he was uncompromising in his opposition to the Populists, exposing their fallacies unmercifully, and ridiculing their methods of reasoning. Mr. Baker has a comfortable fortune, but will not rank among the rich men of the Senate.

Mr. John M. Thurston, the new Nebraska Senator, is a native of Vermont. When his father, a Wisconsin cavalryman, was killed, in 1863, Mr. Thurston was only sixteen years old, and to get through college and study law he supported himself as a farm laborer. By the time he was of age Mr. Thurston was in Omaha ready to practise law. For several years he had a hard time, but he received recognition when he got a hearing in the courts, and for fifteen years he has been considered the leading lawyer of Nebraska. When it was determined vigorously to fight the Populists in Omaha, Mr. Thurston was put up as the opposition candidate to Mr. Bryan, the "boy orator of the Platte." The Republicans won both branches of the Legislature, and Mr. Thurston was elected Senator.

Mr. Stephen B. Elkins, new Senator (Republican) from West Virginia, was born in Ohio in 1841. As a boy he went to Missouri, where he was educated, and where also he studied law. After a brief service in the Federal army he removed to New Mexico, where he practised law and embarked in various branches of business, for which he unquestionably has a great capacity. He was also the ruling politician of this Territory, and served in the Territorial Legislature and as United States Attorney. In two Congresses he represented his

Territory. He was also the President of the First National Bank of Santa Fe. Mr. Elkins's wealth, his ability, and political resourcefulness attracted attention to him, and so in 1884 he was made the Chairman of the National Republican Executive Committee. This was the year when Blaine ran against Cleveland. In 1891, when Mr. Proctor retired from Mr. Harrison's cabinet, Mr. Elkins was appointed as Secretary of War. Mr. Elkins married the daughter of ex-Senator Davis, of West Virginia, some years ago, and since then he has more and more consolidated his material interests in the property of that State. He owns mines, coke ovens, railroads, and timber lands in the West Virginia mountains. He will easily rank among the richest of the Senators.

The career of Mr. Julius Cæsar Burrows, new Republican Senator from Michigan, is an instance of what a poor boy may accomplish if he be genuinely in earnest and indefatigable of purpose. Mr. Burrows was born in Pennsylvania in 1837, and was educated in the common schools. Then he studied law. After serving as an officer in the Union army for two years he went to Kalamazoo, in Michigan, and in a little while became Prosecuting Attorney of the county. He was elected to the Forty-third, Forty-sixth, and Forty-seventh Congresses. He was a delegate to the National Convention that nominated Blaine. He has been in Congress now for many years, and during Mr. Reed's Speakership he was a Republican leader on the floor of the House. He is a bitter partisan, and never fails to take advantage of every parliamentary weakness of his opponents. He is a poor man to-day.

Mr. Lee Mantle, the Republican Senator just chosen in Montana, was born in England in 1854, and was brought to this country when he was nine years old. From that time till he was sixteen he worked on Mormon farms in Utah. Then he was a teamster on the construction of the Union Pacific Railroad. In 1870 he went to Idaho, became a station agent, a telegraph operator, owner of a stage line, and so on. With his savings he now moved to Butte, Montana, and "grew up" with that town. He was the agent of the Wells Fargo Express Company; he was an insurance agent, a livery-stable-keeper, a banker, an editor—everything by turns, nothing long. He was alderman and Mayor of Butte, member of the Legislature, and always a candidate for the United States Senate since Montana was made a State. Although not rich, he is well-to-do.

Mr. Thomas H. Carter, Senator-elect from Montana, became well known as the chairman of the National Republican Committee in the last Presidential contest. Previous to that, in Mr. Harrison's administration, he had been Commissioner of the General Land Office, and before that he was Delegate in Congress from his Territory. He was born in Ohio in 1854, and is a lawyer.

Mr. Clarence D. Clark has already taken his seat in the Senate to represent Wyoming, as he was elected to fill a vacancy. His term will last for four years. Mr. Clark is forty-four years old, and a native of Oswego County, New York. He attended the common schools and then studied law in Iowa. In 1881 he went to Evanston, in Wyoming, and began the practice of law. He took a prominent position, and several years ago was offered the place of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Wyoming. He has served two terms in the Lower House of Congress.

Mr. Jeter C. Pritchard, of North Carolina, is the first Republican to be sent to the Senate from a Southern State for a long time. He secured his election by a fusion between the Populists and Republicans. He, however, is an aggressive Republican. He was born in Tennessee thirty-seven years ago, and was in his early youth a printer. He read law, however, while working at the case, and moved to North Carolina, where he was a revenue officer, and hunted "moonshine" distilleries in the mountains. He served in the Legislature, and in 1888 was the Republican candidate for Governor. He has also been a candidate several times for Congress. Mr. Pritchard has entered upon his duties, taking the seat to which Governor Jarvis was appointed after the death of Senator Vance.

Mr. Marion Butler, the Populist Senator-elect from North Carolina, is one of the youngest men ever elected to the Senate. When his term begins next month he will not have finished his thirty-second year. He was born in the "Old North State," was graduated from the University of North Carolina, and studied law. While principal of an academy, he became interested in politics, and quickly took rank among the leaders in the Farmers' Alliance. He also became an editor, and advocated Populist ideas. By forming a combination against the Democrats, he and his associates managed to carry everything before them last autumn; and the "old-timers," who have hitherto ruled in North Carolina, appear to be as thoroughly routed as those of the same class also have been whipped in South Carolina. Mr. Butler is said to be a speaker of some power and much picturesqueness.

Mr. Knute Nelson, the new Republican Senator from Minnesota, was born in Norway fifty-three years ago, and was brought to this country when he was seven years old, his parents settling in Wisconsin. He enlisted in the army at the breaking out of the war, and served during four years of fighting. He was a private and a corporal. After the war he became a lawyer, and also prominent in politics. He was three times a member of Congress and twice Governor of Minnesota. As Governor Mr. Nelson was firm and self-reliant, and showed the socialists and strikers that they would not be permitted to violate the laws.

General William J. Sewell, the new Republican Senator of New Jersey, is not an entirely new member, for he served a term from 1881 to 1887, but he is practically a new man on account of the long time that has elapsed since he was in the Senate before. General Sewell is a native of Ireland, and sixty years old. He came to this country when a boy, and has lived ever since in New Jersey, except for brief residences in Illinois and in New York, where he engaged in business. He also made several voyages as a sailor in merchant vessels. At the breaking out of the war Mr. Sewell went into a New Jersey regiment as a Captain. He was promoted for gallantry, and at Chancellorsville commanded a brigade and led a desperate charge, in which he was wounded. He was wounded again at Gettysburg. He received a brevet of Brigadier-General for gallantry at Chancellorsville, and the brevet of Major-General for his services during the war. He served nine years in the New Jersey Senate, of which body he was President three years. He has been a member of all the recent Republican National Conventions. He is a man of wealth.

Mr. Horace Chilton was appointed to the Senate by the Governor of Texas, to succeed Mr. Reagan in 1891. That term expired the 3d of March, 1893. Now he has been chosen to succeed Senator Coke. He is a trifle more than forty years old, and is a native of Texas. His father was killed in battle during the war, and the son was obliged to support the family. He entered a printing-office, and from the cases went into the editorial room. In a little while he had a small weekly paper of his own. While editing his newspaper he studied law, and in a few years was admitted to practice. He has been a successful lawyer, and is considered to be one of the ablest men in his State. He is a good speaker, a Democrat with Populist tendencies, and a man of generous fortune.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

## MR. HENRY JAMES'S "GUY DOMVILLE": AN APPRECIATION.

BY A. B. WALKLEY.

MR. HENRY JAMES'S *Guy Domville*, a play in three acts, was produced by Mr. George Alexander at the St. James's Theatre, London, on the 5th of January last. The first act charmed the better half of the house, and abashed the worse, into silence, but by the end of the second the patience of the pit was exhausted, and when, at the fall of the curtain, the author—yielding to a custom which is scarce compatible with the dignity of letters—submitted himself to the public sentence in person, he was assailed with execrations reserved in less civilized communities for the vilest malefactors. So exceptional a tumult seemed to demand an exceptional explanation, and there was talk next morning of a "cabal." But play-goers are not conspirators, and there is no need to attribute to malignant calculation what is sufficiently accounted for by crass insensibility. Vociferation is one of the most cherished privileges of the English pit. "My adversary," said Paul Louis Courier of an irate professor who had vilipended him, "calls me assassin, parricide, pestiferous filthy wretch. I quite understand what the gentleman means: he means that he and I are not of the same mind." And all that the St. James's pit meant by its howling was that Mr. Henry James had given them something for which they were not prepared. The critics, however—with more or less reservation—praised the play; one or two of its more obvious weaknesses were excised, and it remained on the bills. But it remained only to languish, and it was withdrawn on the 5th of February, after a run of just one calendar month.

The play and its fate raise the old question of literature in the playhouse. That house is a house of call for the general public, and "what, in the name of the Bodleian," asks Mr. Augustine Birrell, "has the general public to do with literature?" Nothing, answers the public, and is echoed by many not inconsiderable critics, who hold the doctrine of public infallibility. Does not Mr. Francisque Sarcey begin every *feuilleton* with "*moi, public*"? The art of the stage, it is said, is conditioned by the audience—"The drama's laws the drama's patrons give." For my own part, I would as soon maintain that the perspective and color scheme of a picture are conditioned by the millionaire who purchases it, or that Gluck's *che farò* was conditioned by Marie Antoinette's passion for diamonds. Laws, of course, the drama has, but they are the laws of its own organic development; it brings opposing forces into play, presents, as Louis Stevenson said, "the passionate *cruces* of life where duty and inclination come nobly to the grapple," but the outcome of these forces is a function, to speak as the mathematicians, of their intensity and direction, not of the spectator's temperament. That temperament, however, in the normal play-goer makes clamant demands—and it is certain that these demands are, one and all, ignored or flouted in *Guy Domville*.

The public, to begin with, expect a play to present a will-conflict. Has not M. Ferdinand Brunetière, of the French Academy, defined drama as "a conscious struggle of the will against obstacles"? Now *Guy Domville* is a drama not of willing, but of renunciation, not of struggle, but of sacrifice. The public, save at a tragedy (and sometimes even then—witness the eighteenth-century version of *Romeo and Juliet*) expect a "happy ending." *Guy Domville* ends with a balked life and frustrated affections. The public, again, abhors what George Meredith's Miss Pole called the "fine shades." Neutral tints, half-tones, are not to its mind; it must have the primary pigments of the emotional palette, boisterous and rapid action, drums beating, and colors flying. Above all, it resents anything like delicately graduated psychometry. The passions must be easily recognizable, the motives those of the majority, the characters all of a piece. In *Guy Domville* the emotions are placid and subdued; the love-making is as spiritualized as is a novel of Jane Austen's, as timidly reticent as in some New England tale of Mary Wilkins's; the characters are subtly yet most humanly inconsistent—women wayward yet delicate, men infirm of purpose yet heroically magnanimous—there is peace in the air, as of a cloister, the tints are crepuscular, the rhythm is gentle, the melody always in the minor. A scrupulous fastidiousness, an emotional frugality, as it were, mark the play as an experiment in what I will take leave to call dramatic quietism. If I am to find one word for it, I will choose "grace," having in mind not merely the æsthetic import of that word, the quality of "gracefulness," but its deeper signification, as in the phrase of an English catechism, "an inward and spiritual grace." The public, with its almost bloodthirsty clinging to the external and the material, casts inward and spiritual things out of the playhouse—and it cast out Mr. Henry James's play. The fact remains that the play is a thing of rare distinction and sheer beauty; a most delicate refreshment for the spirit; and, I declare, the playhouse that harbored it, though only for a month, will for me smell the sweeter for it.

But it is not a flawless play, as the briefest summary of its story will serve, I think, to show. The scene opens in the garden of Porches, a country house in the west of England. Porches! The very name suggests moss-grown gray-stone and climbing honeysuckle, and other pleasant homely English things. It was a beautiful scene at the St. James's—no man in London, not even the master of the Lyceum, knows so well as Mr. Alexander how to make scenery interpretative, something that shall attune our minds to the matter in hand—a garden like that in Fred Walker's *Haven of Rest*, or in Andrew Marvell's poem,

> "Annihilating all that's made
> To a green thought in a green shade."

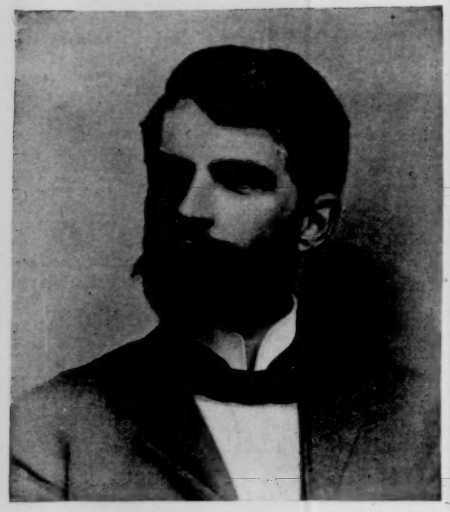
The year is 1780. Guy Domville, a poor gentleman of ancient lineage, a lean sober-clad scholar, simple and childlike, a saint in the making, has been acting as tutor to the son of Mrs. Peverel, a young widow and mistress of Porches. But Guy has the "vocation"; he feels within him the call of Mother-Church—that Roman Catholic Church of which his family have always remained faithful servants—and he is on the point of leaving for Bristol, thence to depart with a priest for the College of Saint-Omar. Though it is clear that the widow loves him, she applauds his resolution, for he is destined, she declares, to be one of the saints of the Church. "Ah! for that," says Frank Humber, the widow's neighbor and passionate wooer, "you must give up things"; and the answer strikes the key-note of the play: "Well—he'll give them up! He's one of those who *can!*" The arrival of Lord Devenish, a bankrupt peer and town rake, suddenly transforms the situation. His lordship brings news that the young heir of the Domvilles is dead; that Guy is the last male of that ancient line. The line must not become extinct; Guy must enter the world and marry, with the cry of "Long live the Domvilles!" Guy at first refuses to listen, but the widow is now for the world against the Church, and, at her pleading, he gives way. Before, however, he leaves for London, he pleads in his turn—not for himself, for he does not yet know his own heart, but for his friend, Frank Humber. The woman shakes her head, and is left sobbing her heart out at the door of the deserted house. So tender and fresh a first act as this, one so abounding in that rarest of stage virtues, mansuetude, has not been seen, so far as I know, in this generation. Even the turbulent pit—irritated though it must have been by the unfamiliar spectacle of stage personages who do not yet know their own minds—a dumb lover as dumbly adored, an outspoken one capriciously used and cruelly rejected—even the pit was hushed, as I have said, into silence.

The second act on the first night was deplorably weak; even in its amended form it is far from satisfactory. We are shown Guy in his cousin's, Mrs. Domville's, house at Richmond. He is a changed man—magnificent in scarlet and lace, just from a night of cards with some Lady Mohun, and the boon companion of my lord Devenish in all the pleasures of the town. He is to marry Lord Devenish's ward, though it is clear the maid has no inclination for him nor he for her. How to account for the change? The dramatist simply leaves it unexplained. Now in dramas, of course, it is impossible to show all the stages of an action. A play, as Jules Lemaître puts it, is like a house where we only see the actions of the characters as they pass the windows. But Mr. James has blocked up one of the windows. Guy's right-about-face has happened on the other side of a dead wall. For the rest, the act is too closely packed with intrigue. The girl's lover, a naval lieutenant, returns to claim her, the pair elope, and are assisted in their escape by Guy himself. A curiously disparate scene of feigned drunkenness—apparently suggested by Augier's *L'Aventurière*—made the confusion of this act worse confounded, and was not played, I think, more than a night or two. But the remaining complications—complicated motives of Lord Devenish and Mrs. Peverel for hastening their ward's marriage, complicated emotions and bewilderment of Guy—are too numerous for a single act. Mr. James had to show the process of Guy's disillusionment and disgust with the "world," which he now leaves to return to Porches, but the process is too summary and pell-mell to carry conviction.

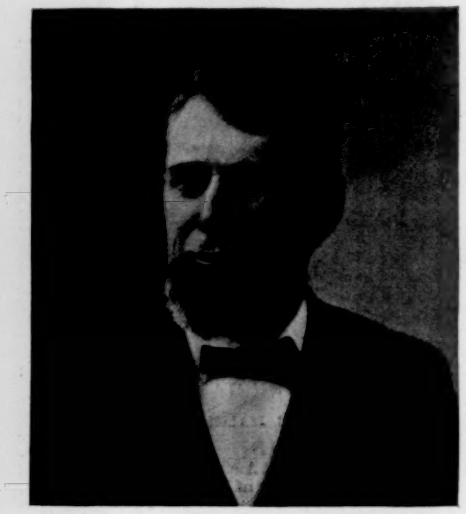
In the third act we are back at Porches, in the old white parlor—again an admirable piece of scenic interpretation—where the widow is pining in solitude. Again Frank Humber presses his suit, and is again rejected. Then comes the sudden news that Guy's marriage is broken off, and hard upon it arrives Guy himself. At last he knows his own heart: Porches is his true home. "This old white parlor has the friendly face to me! I've seen it, since we parted, in visions; I've missed it in grander places. Its panelled walls close me in; the tick of the clock seems to greet me. It's full of faint echoes, and of lost things found again. We sat here o' winter nights." (Note, in passing, the elegant cadence, the suave rhythm, of Mr. James's phrases; the true language of the time, too, not the bastard lingo, the riot of "'ods bobs" and "zounds," conventionally associated with the last century on the stage.) Guy is on the point of declaring his love for the widow, when he discovers that Lord Devenish has been there before him, and that another plot to get him married is already a-brewing, which causes a revulsion of feeling. After all, his first love shall be his last—the Church. He will not hurt his friend Frank, as he nearly hurt the maid at Richmond. "I do a damage wherever I turn; I cost no pang as I *was*." Life is not meant for him, but the renunciation of life. "They offered me 'life!' But 'life'—for *me*—is evil! It's planted in a sacrifice of others. I put that away yesterday, to meet it again to-day. I put it away once more—for a sacrifice that's all my own. The high call I obeyed had a hidden vice, a fatal flaw, which the *other* call has not. It was all a wild error—a wild error from the first: a dark sophistication and a snare. I bend to my lesson!" Then, as he goes out:

> "The Church *takes* me. [*To* Mrs. Peverel.] Be kind to him. [*To* Frank.] Be good to her."
> *Frank.* "Mrs. Peverel, I'll hope."
> *Mrs. P.* "Wait!" [*Curtain.*

So ends this play of inward and spiritual grace. It had the best possible interpretation at the St. James's. Mr. Alexander felicitously brought out the touch of the saintly in Guy, his dreamy "aloofness," his childlike bewilderment among the passions of this world; to this the bluff, downright wooing of Mr. Herbert Waring's Frank Humber was an admirable foil; and Miss Marion Terry's Mrs. Peverel—winsome, wayward, revealing that element of the maternal which is said to leaven every good woman's love, yet capable of unconscious cruelty to a man whose love she does not return—will rank among the most triumphant achievements of an actress who, in the special quality of "charm," is almost without a rival on the London stage. The truth is players of any fineness of fibre, of any delicacy in artistic perception, could not but be good in this play; they must feel it a high privilege to have presented characters so beautiful and uttered speech so exquisite.



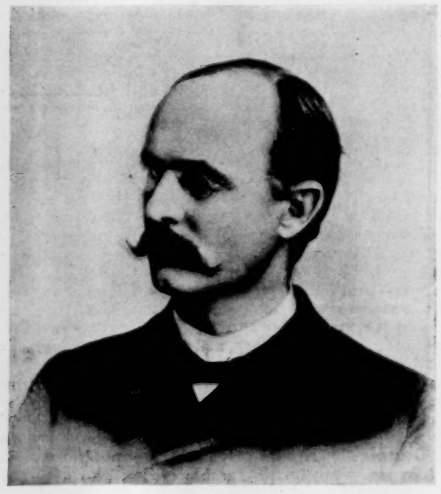
MARION BUTLER, NORTH CAROLINA.



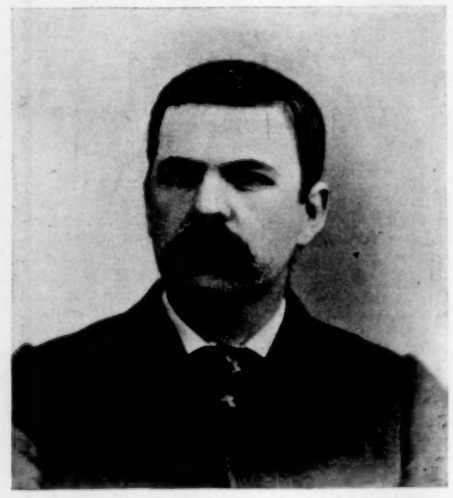
KNUTE NELSON, MINNESOTA.

HORACE CHILTON, TEXAS.
Photographed by Bell.

LEE MANTLE, MONTANA.



JOHN M. THURSTON, NEBRASKA.



JETER C. PRITCHARD, NORTH CAROLINA.

JULIUS C. BURROWS, MICHIGAN.

STEPHEN B. ELKINS, WEST VIRGINIA.
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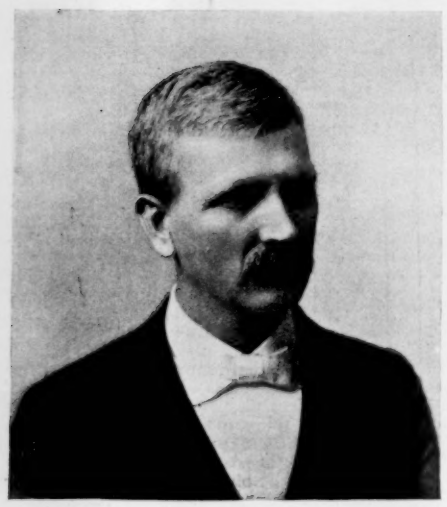
THOMAS H. CARTER, MONTANA.

WILLIAM J. SEWELL, NEW JERSEY.

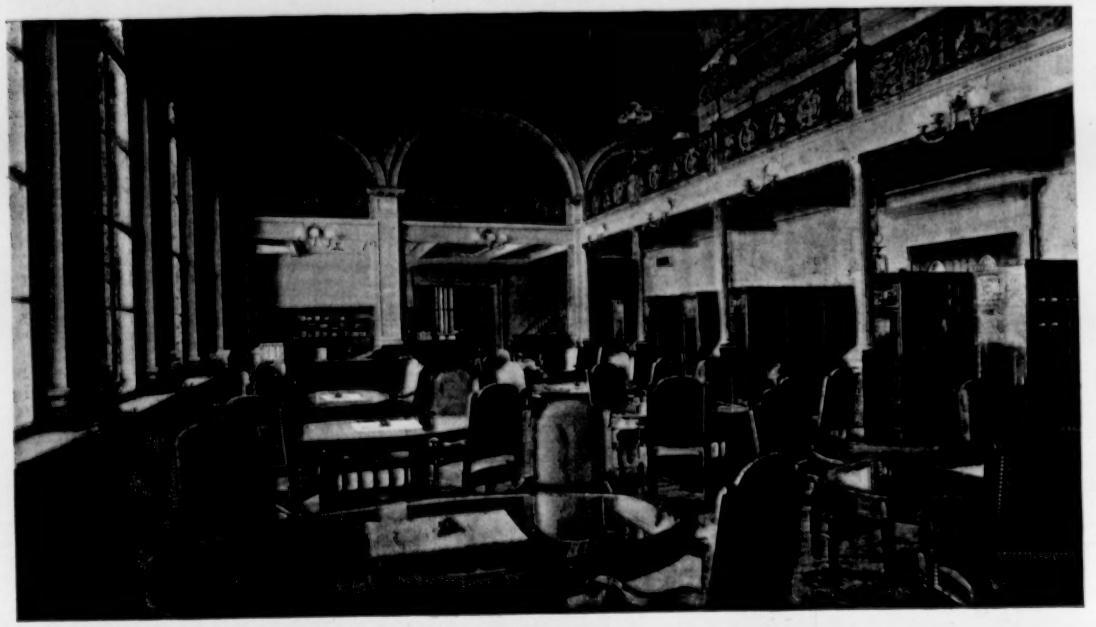


LUCIEN BAKER, KANSAS.

CLARENCE D. CLARK, WYOMING.

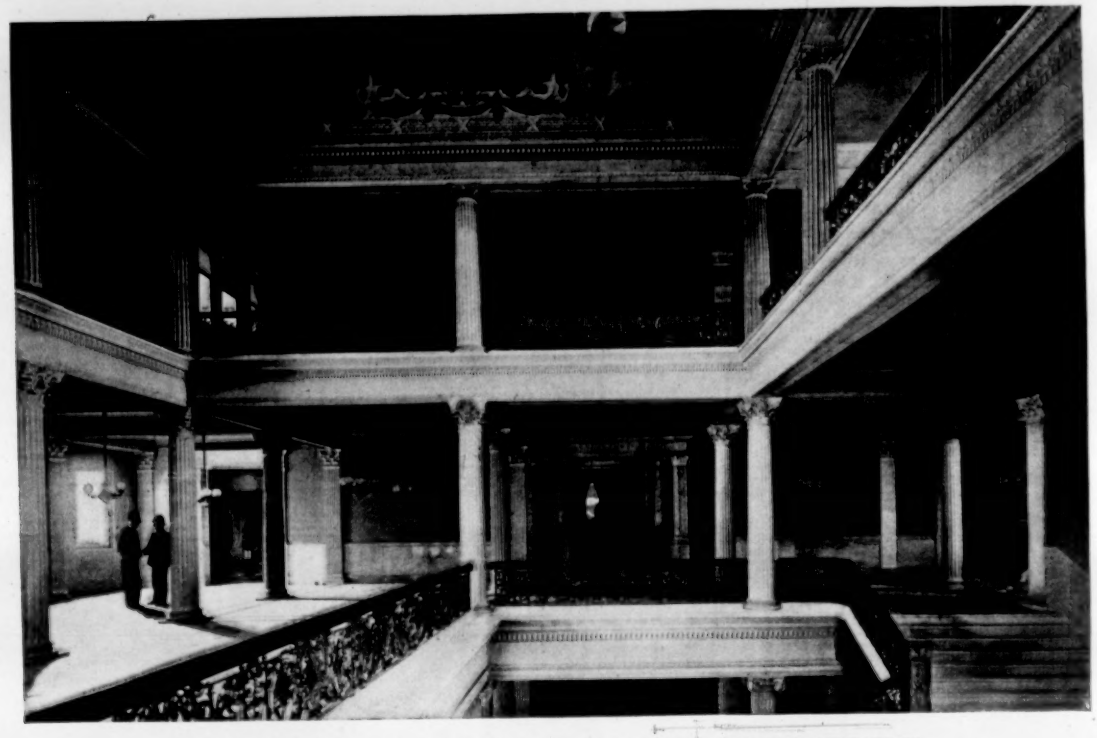
THE NEW UNITED STATES SENATORS.—[SEE PAGE 198.]

STAIRCASE AND CORRIDOR, SECOND FLOOR.



THE STATE LIBRARY.

SMOKING, READING, AND WRITING ROOMS, HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.



CORRIDOR, THIRD FLOOR, AND ENTRANCE TO THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

SOME FEATURES OF THE NEW EXTENSION OF THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE HOUSE, BOSTON.

# THE RED COCKADE.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE TRICOLOR.

IT was known afterwards that they fell upon the body like the dogs they were; but I had seen enough. I reeled back, and for a few moments leaned against the chimney, trembling like a woman, sick and faint. The horrid drama had had only one spectator—myself; and the strange solitude from which I had viewed it, kneeling at the edge of the dark roof of the château, with the night wind on my brow and the tumult far below me, had shaken me to the bottom of my soul. Had the ruffians come upon me then, I could scarcely have lifted a finger; but fortunately, though the awakening came quickly, it came by another hand. I heard a rustle of feet behind me, and turning, found Mademoiselle de St. Alais at my shoulder, her small face gray in the gloom.

"Monsieur," she said, "will you come?"

I sprang up, ashamed and conscience-stricken. I had forgotten her—all—in the tragedy. "What is it?" I said.

"The house is on fire."

She said it so calmly, in such a voice, that I could not believe her, or that I understood; though it was the thing I had told myself must happen. "What, mademoiselle? This house?" I said.

"Yes," she replied, as quietly as before. "The smoke is coming up through the closet staircase. I think that they have set the east wing on fire."

I hastened back with her, and before I reached the little door by which we had ascended I saw that it was true. A faint whitish eddy of smoke, scarcely visible in the dusk, was rising through the crack between the door and lintel. The women were standing round it when we came up; but while I looked, amazed, and wondering what we were to do, they melted away, and mademoiselle and I were left alone beside the eddy of smoke, that grew each moment thicker and darker.

A few minutes before, immediately after my escape from the rooms below, I had thought that I could face this peril; anything, everything, had then seemed better than to be caught along with the women in those luxurious rooms, perfumed with poudre de rose, and heavy with jasmine—to be caught there by the brutes who were pursuing us. But now the danger that showed itself most pressing seemed the worst. "We must take off the bricks!" I cried. "Quick! and open that door! There is nothing else for it. Come, mademoiselle, if you please!"

"They are doing it," she answered.

Then I saw whither the women and servants had gone. They were already at the other door, the trap door, laboring frantically to remove the bricks we had piled on it. In a moment I caught the infection of their haste.

"Come, mademoiselle—come!" I cried, advancing involuntarily a step towards the group. "Very likely they will be plundering below now, and we may pass safely. At any rate, there is nothing else for it."

I was still flurried and shaken—I say it with shame—by Gargouf's fate, and when she did not answer at once, I looked round impatiently. To my astonishment, she was gone. In the darkness it was not easy to see any one at a distance of a dozen feet, and the reek of the smoke was spreading. Still, she had been at my elbow a moment before; she could not have gone far. I took a step this way and that, and looked again anxiously. Then I found her. She was kneeling against a chimney, her face buried in her hands. Her hair covered her shoulders and partly hid her white robe.

I thought the moment ill chosen, and I touched her angrily. "Mademoiselle!" I said. "There is not a moment to be lost. Come! They have opened the door."

She looked up at me, and the still pallor of her face sobered me. "I am not coming," she said, in a low voice. "Farewell, monsieur."

"You are not coming!"

"No, monsieur; save yourself," she answered, firmly and gently; and she looked up at me with her hands clasped before her, as if she would fain return to her prayers, and waited only for me to go.

I gasped. "But, mademoiselle," I cried, staring at the little white-robed figure that in the gloom—a gloom riven now and again by hot flashes, as some burning fragment soared upwards—seemed scarcely earthly—"but, mademoiselle, you do not understand. This is no child's play. To stay here is death—death! The house is burning under us. Presently the roof will fall in, and then—"

"Better that," she answered, with Heaven knows what of womanly dignity, caught in that supreme moment by her, a child—"better that than that I should fall into their hands. I am a St. Alais, and I can die," she continued, firmly. "But I must not fall into their hands. Do you, monsieur, save yourself. Go; go now, and I will pray for you."

"And I for you, mademoiselle," I answered, with a full heart. "If you stay, I stay."

She looked up at me a moment, her face troubled. Then she rose slowly to her feet. The servants had disappeared; the trap-door lay open; no one had yet come up. We had the roof to ourselves. I saw her shudder as she looked round, and in a second I had her in my arms—she was no heavier than a child—and was half-way across the roof. She uttered a faint cry of remonstrance, and for an instant struggled with me. But I only held her the tighter and ran on. From the trap-door a ladder led downwards; somehow, still holding her with one hand, I stumbled down it, until I reached the foot, and found myself in a passage which was all dark. One way, however, a light shone at the end. I carried her towards it, her hair lying across my lips and cheek, her face against my breast. She no longer struggled, and in a moment I came to the head of a staircase. It seemed to be a servants' staircase, for it was bare and mean and narrow, with whitewashed walls. There were no signs of fire here; even the smoke had not yet reached this part; but half-way down the flight a candle, overturned but still burning, lay on a step, as if some one had that moment dropped it. And from the lower part of the house came up a great noise of riot and revelry, coarse shrieks and shouts and laughter. I paused to listen.

Mademoiselle lifted herself a little in my arms. "Put me down, monsieur," she whispered.

"You will come?"

"I will do what you tell me."

I set her down in the angle of the passage, at the head of the stairs, and in a whisper I asked her what was beyond the door, which I could see at the foot of the flight.

"The kitchen," she answered.

"If I had any cloak to cover you," I said, "I think that we could pass. They are not searching for us. They are robbing and drinking."

"Will you get the candle?" she whispered, trembling; "in one of these rooms we may find something."

I went softly down the bare stairs, and picking it up, returned with it in my hand. As I came back to her, our eyes met, and a slow blush, gradually deepening, crept over her face as dawn creeps over a gray sky. Having come, it staid; her eyes fell, and she turned a little away from me, confused and frightened. We were alone, we two; and for the first time that night, I think, she remembered her loosened hair and the disorder of her dress—that she was a woman and I a man.

It was a strange time to think of such things, when at any instant the door at the foot of the stairs before us might open and a dozen ruffians stream up, bent on plunder and worse. But the look and the movement warmed my heart, and set my blood running as it had never run before. I felt my courage return in a flood, and with it twice my strength. I felt capable of holding the staircase against a hundred, a thousand, as long as she stood at the top. Above all, I wondered how I could have borne her in my arms a minute before, and held her head against my breast, and felt her hair touch my lips, and been insensible. Never should I carry her so again with an even pulse. The knowledge of that came to me as I stood beside her at the head of the bare stairs, affecting to listen to the noises below, that she might have time to recover herself.

A moment, and I began to listen seriously; for the noise in the kitchen, through which we must pass to escape, was growing louder; and at the same time that I noticed this a smell of burning wood, with a whiff of smoke, reached my nostrils, and warned me that the fire was extending to the wing in which we stood. Behind us, as we stood looking down the stairs, was a door; along the passage to the left, by which we had come, were other doors. I thrust the candle into mademoiselle's hands, and begged her to go and look in the rooms.

"There may be a cloak or something," I said, eagerly. "We must not linger. If you will look, I will guard the—"

No more; for as the last word trembled on my lips the door at the foot of the stairs flew open, and a man blundered through it and began to ascend two steps at a time. He carried a candle before him, and a large bar in his right hand, and a savage roar of voices came out with him through the doorway.

He appeared so suddenly that we had no time to move. I had a side glimpse of mademoiselle standing spellbound with fear, and of the light drooping in her hand. Then I snatched the candle from her and quenched it, and plucking it from the iron candlestick, stood waiting with the latter in my hand, waiting, stooping forward, for the man. I had left my sword on the landing, and I had no other weapon; but the stairs were narrow, the sloping ceiling low, and the candlestick might do. If the rest did not follow him it might do.

He came up rapidly, two-thirds of the way, holding the light high in front of him. Only four or five steps divided him from us. Then on a sudden he stumbled, swore, and fell heavily forward. The light in his hand was dashed out, and we were in darkness.

Instinctively I gripped mademoiselle's hand in my left hand to stay the scream that I knew was on her lips, and we stood like two statues, scarcely daring to breathe. The man so near us, and yet unconscious of our presence, got up, swearing; and after a terrible moment of suspense, during which, I think, he fumbled for the candle, he began to clatter down the stairs again. They had closed the door at the bottom, and he could not for a moment find the string of the latch. But at last he found it, and opened the door. Then I stepped back, and under cover of the babel that instantly poured up the staircase, I drew mademoiselle into the room behind us, and closing the door which faced the stairs, stood listening.

I fancied that I could hear her heart beating. I could certainly hear my own. In this room we seemed for the moment safe; but how were we, without a light, to find anything to disguise her? How were we to pass through the kitchen? And in a moment I began to regret that I had left the stairs. We were in perfect darkness, and could see nothing in the room, which had a close, unusual smell, as of mice; but even as I noticed this the fumes of burning wood grew stronger, and overcame the other smell. The dull roar of the fire, as it caught hold of the

"HE CAME UP RAPIDLY, HOLDING THE LIGHT HIGH IN FRONT OF HIM."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1985.

wing, began to be audible, and the distant crackling of flames. My heart sank.

"Mademoiselle!" I said, softly. I still held her hand.

"Yes, monsieur," she murmured, faintly. And she seemed to lean against me.

"Are there no windows in this room?"

"I think that they are shuttered."

With a new thought in my mind—that the way of the kitchen being hopeless, we might escape by the windows—I moved a pace to look for them; I would have loosed her hand to do this, that my own might be free to grope before me, but, to my surprise, she clung to me, and would not let me go. Then in the darkness I heard her sigh as if she were about to swoon.

"Courage, mademoiselle, courage!" I said, terrified by the mere thought of such a thing.

"Oh, I am frightened!" she moaned in my ear. "I am frightened! Save me, monsieur, save me!"

She had been so brave before, that I wondered; not knowing that the bravest woman's courage is of this quality. But I had short time for wonder. Her weight hung each instant more dead in my arms, and, my heart beating wildly as I held her, I looked round for help, for a thought, for an idea. But all was dark. I could not remember even where the door stood. I peered in vain for the slightest glimmer of light that might betray the windows. I was alone with her, and helpless; our way of retreat cut off, the flames approaching. I felt her head fall back, and knew that she had swooned; and in the dark I could do no more than support her, and listen and listen for the returning steps of the man, or what else would happen next.

For a long time, a long time as it seemed to me, nothing happened. Then a sudden burst of sound told me that the door at the foot of the stairs had been opened, and on that followed a clatter of wooden shoes on the bare stairs. I could judge now where the door of the room lay, and I quickly but tenderly laid mademoiselle on the floor a little behind it, and waited myself on the threshold. I still had my candlestick, and I was desperate.

I heard them pass, my heart beating, and then I heard them pause, and I clutched my weapon tightly; and then a voice I knew gave an order, and with a cry of joy I dragged open the door of the room and stood before them—stood before them, as they told me afterwards, with the face of a ghost rather than of a man. There were four of them, and the nearest to us was Father Benoît.

The good priest fell on my neck and kissed me. "You are not hurt?" he cried.

"No," I said, dully. "You have come, then?"

"Yes," he said. "In time to save you, God be praised! God be praised! But mademoiselle—Mademoiselle de St. Alais?" he added, eagerly, looking at me, as if he thought I was not quite in my senses. "Have you news of her?"

I turned without a word, and went back into the room. He followed with a light, and the three men, of whom Buton was one, pressed in after him. They were rough peasants, but the sight made them give back and uncover themselves.

Mademoiselle lay where I had left her, with her head pillowed on a dark carpet of hair, from the midst of which her child's face, composed and white as in death, looked up with solemn, half-closed eyes to the ceiling. For myself, I stared down at her almost without emotion, so much had I gone through. But the priest cried out aloud.

"Mon Dieu!" he said, with a sob in his voice; "have they killed her?"

"No," I answered. "She has only fainted. If there is a woman here—"

"There is no woman here that I dare trust," he answered between his teeth. And he bade one of the men go and get some water, adding a few words that I did not hear.

The man returned almost immediately, and Father Benoît, bidding him and his fellows stand back a little, moistened her lips with water, afterwards dashing some in her face, and all with an air of haste that puzzled me, until I noticed that the room was growing thick with smoke, and going myself to the door, saw the red glow of the fire at the end of the passage, and heard the distant crash of falling stones and timbers. Then I thought that I understood the men's attitude, and I suggested to Father Benoît that I should carry her out.

"She will never recover here," I said, with a sob in my throat. "She will be suffocated if we do not get her into the air."

A thick volume of smoke swept past the door as I spoke, and gave point to my words. "Yes," the priest said, slowly, "I think so too, but—"

"But what?" I asked. "It will not be safe to stay here much longer."

"You sent to Cahors?"

"Yes," I cried. "Has M. de St. Alais come?"

"No; and you see, M. le Vicomte, I have only these four men," the priest answered. "Had I staid to gather more I might have been too late. And with these only—I do not know what to do. Half the poor wretches who have done this mischief are mad with drink. Others are strangers, and—"

"But I thought—I thought that it was all over!" I cried, in astonishment.

"No," he answered, gravely. "They let us pass in, after an altercation; I am of the committee, and so is Buton there. But when they see you, and especially Mademoiselle de St. Alais, I do not know how they may act, my friend."

"But, Mon Dieu!" I cried. "Surely they will not dare—"

"No, monseigneur, have no fear. They shall not dare." The words came out of the smoke. The speaker was Buton. As he spoke he stepped forward, swinging the ponderous bar he carried, his huge hairy arms bare to the elbow. "Yet there is one thing you must do."

"What?" I said.

"You must put on the tricolor. They will not dare to touch that."

He spoke with a simple pride, which I found unintelligible then. I understand it better now. Nay, on the morrow it was no riddle to me, though an abiding wonder.

The priest sprang at the idea. "Good!" he said. "Buton has hit it! They will respect that." And before I could speak he had detached the large rosette which he wore pinned to his soutane and was pinning it on my breast. "Now yours, Buton," he continued; and taking the smith's—it was not too clean—he fixed it on mademoiselle's left shoulder. "There!" he said, eagerly, when it was done. "Now, M. le Vicomte, take her up. Quick, or we shall be stifled. Buton and I will go before you, and our friends here will follow you."

Mademoiselle was beginning to come to herself, with sighs and sobs, when I raised her in my arms, and we were all coughing with the smoke. This in the passage outside was choking. Had we delayed a minute longer we could scarcely have passed out safely; for already the flames were beginning to lick the door of the next room, and dart out angry tongues towards us. As it was, we stumbled down the stairs in some fashion, one helping another; and checked for an instant by the closed door at the bottom, fell, when it was opened, pell-mell into the kitchen, where we stood with smarting eyes, gasping for breath.

It was the grand kitchen of the château, that had seen many a feast prepared; but for mademoiselle's sake I was glad that her face was against my breast, and that she could not see it now. A great fire, fed high with fat and hams, blazed on the hearth; and before it, instead of meat, the carcasses of three dogs hung from the jack, and tainted the air with the smell of burning flesh. They were M. le Marquis's favorite hounds, killed in pure wantonness. Below them the floor, strewn with broken bottles, ran deep in wasted wine, out of which piles of shattered furniture and staved casks rose like islands. All that the rioters had not taken they had spoiled; even now in one corner a woman was filling her apron with salt from a huge trampled heap, and at the battered dressoir three or four men were plundering. But the main body of the peasants had retired outside, where they could be heard fiercely cheering on the flames, shouting when a chimney fell or a window burst, and flinging into the fire every living thing unlucky enough to fall into their hands.

The plunderers sneaked out on seeing us, with grim looks, like wolves driven from the prey. And doubtless they spread the news; for while we paused, though it was but for a moment, in the middle of the floor, the uproar outside ceased and gave place to a strange silence, in the midst of which we appeared at the door.

The glare of the burning house threw a light as strong as that of day on the scene, on the throng of savage, frenzied faces that confronted us, and the great piles of wreckage that stood about and bore witness to their fury. But for a moment the light failed to show us clearly to them; we were in the shadow of the wall, and it was not until we had advanced some paces that the ominous silence was broken, and the mob, with a howl of rage, sprang forward like blood-hounds slipped from the leash. Low-browed and shock-headed, half naked, and black with smoke and blood, they seemed more like beasts than men; and like

"RESPECT THE TRICOLOR!"

beasts they came on, snapping the teeth and snarling, while from the rear—for the foremost were past speech—came a dull roar of "*Mort aux tyrans! Mort aux accapareurs!*" that, mingling with the tumult of the fire, was enough to scare the stoutest.

Had my escort blenched for an instant our fate was sealed. But they stood firm, and before their stern front all but one man quailed and fell back—fell back snarling and crying for our blood. That one man came close and aimed a blow at me with a knife. On the instant Buton raised his iron bar, and with a stentorian cry of "Respect the Tricolor!" struck him to the ground and strode over him.

"Respect the Tricolor!" he shouted again, with the voice of a bull; and the effect of the words was magical. The crowd heard, fell back and fell aside, staring stupidly at me and my burden.

"Respect the Tricolor!" Father Benoît cried, raising his hand aloft; and he made the sign of the cross. Then in an instant all took it up; almost before I could apprehend the change, those who a moment earlier had been gaping for our blood were thrusting one another back and shouting, as with one voice, "Way, way for the Tricolor!"

There was something unutterably new, strange, formidable in this reverence, this respect paid to a word, a ribbon, an idea. It made an impression on me that was never quite effaced. But at the moment I was scarcely conscious of this. I heard and saw things dully. Like a man in a dream I walked through the crowd, stumbling under my burden, down the lane of brutish faces, down the avenue, down to the gate. There Father Benoît would have taken mademoiselle from me, but I would not let him.

"To Saux! To Saux!" I said, feverishly; and then, I scarcely knew how, I found myself on a horse, holding her before me. And we were on the road to Saux, lighted on our way by the flames of the burning château.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## DREAMS AFTER PARTING.

In winter mist she's fading from my view—
The great ship through the ice-floe slowly steams—
Bound for a port whose skies are bland and blue,
Where the lithe lily in the sunshine dreams.

She's flown—and all the spring with her has flown—
Out of my heart unto a distant shore,
And winter, with its weird and windy moan,
Piles high the snow-drift at my lonely door.

But when the white bloom trembles on the tree,
And all the languid air's a balmy wine,
When the birds carol, flushed with ecstasy,
And twinkling tulips in the garden shine,

Then will I know that she's returned, and brought
The buoyant spring, the spring that blows for me,
Most fragrant in the flower of the thought
That where she smiles 'tis spring and Italy.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

## PRESERVING THE ARCHIVES AT WASHINGTON.

CONGRESS has under consideration a proposition coming from the Secretary of State for the publication of the Revolutionary archives, both the official correspondence on file in the State Department and the correspondence of Revolutionary leaders, which has been purchased by the government from time to time and added to the collection of which the Secretary of State has charge. This seems to be the only practical way of preserving these valuable documents and still making them available for historical purposes. Some of this matter has appeared in the columns of *Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolutionary War*, edited by Wharton; but the scheme of this publication was by no means perfect.

Mr. Wharton was a student of Revolutionary history, of some renown, and he was an authority on diplomatic usage. But while he produced a very readable and (in a limited degree) valuable publication, his work had very distinct limitations. Mr. Wharton "edited" the correspondence which he published. In other words, he made excerpts from the correspondence, using his own judgment to determine their value. And as no man could possibly foresee of what technical value the smallest quotation from one of these letters might be to the historian trying to throw light on some particular event in Revolutionary history, much was omitted which should have been published. The result is that historians who desire to consult the correspondence do not depend on Mr. Wharton's compilation, but go to the original manuscripts, which can be consulted at any reasonable time for such a purpose; and in consequence of the wear and tear from constant handling, the manuscripts are gradually being destroyed. So great has been the destruction that for several years the Secretary of State has had a force at work mounting the letters and "restoring" them. This work of restoration consists of covering the ragged parts with transparent paper, and so preserving the manuscripts from further damage. The mounting is done in books, to whose flexible cloth stubs the letters are fastened with paste. All of the papers have been classified for this work, and they are being mounted as rapidly as a small force of workmen at the department can accomplish the task.

But even when restored and mounted the manuscripts are not in condition for consultation by historians or scholars. They are not even in the best condition for consultation by the people of the department if any occasion should arise. The constant handling will destroy them in time, even if some accident does not contribute to their annihilation. These papers cost the government $165,000 in cash. This is the aggregate of the amounts appropriated by Congress to purchase the papers of Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Hamilton, Madison, and Monroe now in the department files. It will require only $100,000 to have transcripts made for the printer and a full edition of all of these papers published. Then the old manuscripts can be free from danger, for they will be valuable only for their historic associations, while the matter which they contain will be available for reference in every large library in the United States.

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

CLAUS SPRECKELS.—Photographed by Gutekunst.

C. P. HUNTINGTON.—Photographed by Taber.

# CALIFORNIA'S GREAT GRIEVANCE.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

CALIFORNIA is undergoing a great awakening. Morally, politically, and commercially the whole State is aroused. It is a question whether that early day when the Vigilance Committee was formed for the rescue of San Francisco from lawlessness will hereafter be considered so important a historical date as the opening of 1895, when the whole State took up arms against monopoly rule and corrupt politics.

For a long time echoes of the complaints of the Californians have reached the East, and vaguely, though impressively, it has been understood that the once fabulously-prosperous State is suffering in a degree and in a manner unlike the strain of hard times that is felt by the rest of the country. The dissimilarity of the conditions governing the so-called "sympathy strike" of the railroad men last year focussed attention upon California. The strenuous efforts of the people of the State to influence Congress against the Central Pacific funding bill, the noise of a popular outcry against the Southern Pacific monopoly, recalling the fact that San Francisco had pressed steam and sailing ships into its freight service—all these things irritated public curiosity in the East. Finally, against the general trend of politics throughout the country, California elected a Democrat as Governor, and San Francisco elected a third-party Mayor. All these happenings finally led to Harper's Weekly sending to the west coast to discover what were the grievances of which the great but nearly isolated commonwealth complained.

Once here, upon the actual ground of revolution, I found that every note in the chorus of the State's complaint grows out of the hostility to the Southern Pacific Railway monopoly, which controls the only two overland gateways to the State, and which gridirons the State itself with its tracks. The new Mayor, Mr. Sutro, was elected because he forced the street railways owned by the giant monopoly to reduce their fares between the city and his famous park, tavern, and baths at the cliffs beside the Golden Gate. Mr. Budd, the new Governor, was elected because he was believed to be independent of the monopoly, and likely to cleanse the public service of those abhorrent elements which represent a corrupted political machinery that is suspected of having too faithfully served the monopoly. These matters being adjusted, the circles of society, commerce, and finance still disclosed internal disturbances, and these too were found to be agitated by the one single grievance—the extortions of the railway.

To-day one body of men is drafting a new charter; other organizations are planning attacks on the railway and the political rings; the frauds upon the ballot-box at the last election (though they miscarried) are being vigorously sifted, and the criminals are being punished; and for the first time in the history of the State as it is now organized the leading men of means are co-operating with the people to raise funds for an anti-monopoly railway through the richest and greatest valley in the State. The old happy-go-lucky miners' temperament of California, the gamblers' spirit of forever trusting to luck, is broken. The State is at once sobered and aroused.

While I was out here the first outburst was developing. The last act of the last Governor was the appointment of a sporting-man named Mose Gunst as a police commissioner of San Francisco, to succeed a political boss named Burns, who had resigned. An indignation meeting was called, the new Governor removed Gunst, and great excitement prevailed. Mayor Sutro had called the meeting on January 12th. It was large and lively. What I shall say of it I take from the San Francisco newspapers, which both consciously and unconsciously echo the peculiar conditions of public sentiment in the city. "Every time Huntington's (president of the Southern Pacific monopoly) name was mentioned there was a noise as if a forest full of serpents was let loose." The chairman said, "This is the most important meeting since the Vigilance Committee," and the first speaker, Mr. Monteith, clearly stated what had brought the people together. He said that six or seven men who in the past summer had been prominent in the railroad strike were under indictment, under an act of Congress, for trying to prevent trusts and monopolies trampling upon their rights. At the same time it had come to their knowledge that a citizen had brazenly acknowledged that he possessed a railroad pass which, in defiance of the inter-State commerce law, was good on the Southern Pacific system in every State through which it passed. A complaint was prepared and presented to the United States Commissioner, who suggested that it would be well to call in the Federal District Attorney. That official noted the fact that Mr. C. P. Huntington was accused of the alleged offence, and he said he would have to consult the Attorney-General. The speaker continued in these words:

"I suggested that this was an unusual proceeding as regards a complaint, as all complaints, I thought, were mandatory and not discretionary. But he again responded that he must consult the Attorney-General. It was a strange sight. There were men indicted for a crime which they had never committed, who saw the arm of the law raised against them, and yet that same arm could not take hold of the monopolist C. P. Huntington." (Hisses.)

The speaker then proceeded to show how Huntington's guilt in breaking the law was clear. He wanted to know if there was no law by which he could be brought to justice. "Because he had corrupted justice and the government for twenty-five years was no reason why he could not be convicted of a crime. The matter was too serious to let go by without a serious protest. The fact that we have a District Attorney who will not do his duty, and that a gambler like Mose Gunst was appointed are all traceable to the same cause. The citizens must go to the root of the evil, and destroy it thoroughly. The people must come together, bury all differences, and stand on a common platform. Then can they exterminate the Southern Pacific octopus, root and branch, and redeem California, and make her once more prosperous."

The next speaker was Henry E. Highton, a conspicuous and influential lawyer, who demanded that if there had been wholesale corruption at the last election the men who pulled the wires should be dealt with criminally. He said:

"The arrest of ballot-box-stuffers is not anarchy.

"The refusal to admit that Mr. Huntington owns the State, and that the railroad is the supreme power, is not anarchy.

"The refusal of the people to admit political debauchers as its masters is not anarchy. There is some time when we feel that our bodies and our souls are our own."

Thus the meeting turned its attention to all the popular grievances in their order: the corruption at the polls, the appointment of the unfit "Mose Gunst" to the local police board, the railway monopoly, and the failure of the District Attorney to prosecute President Huntington. There were many speakers, and then the resolutions that were adopted covered the same broad ground of general complaint. It was resolved to demand that a warrant for Mr. Huntington's arrest be issued, or that the negligent Federal officials be removed from office.

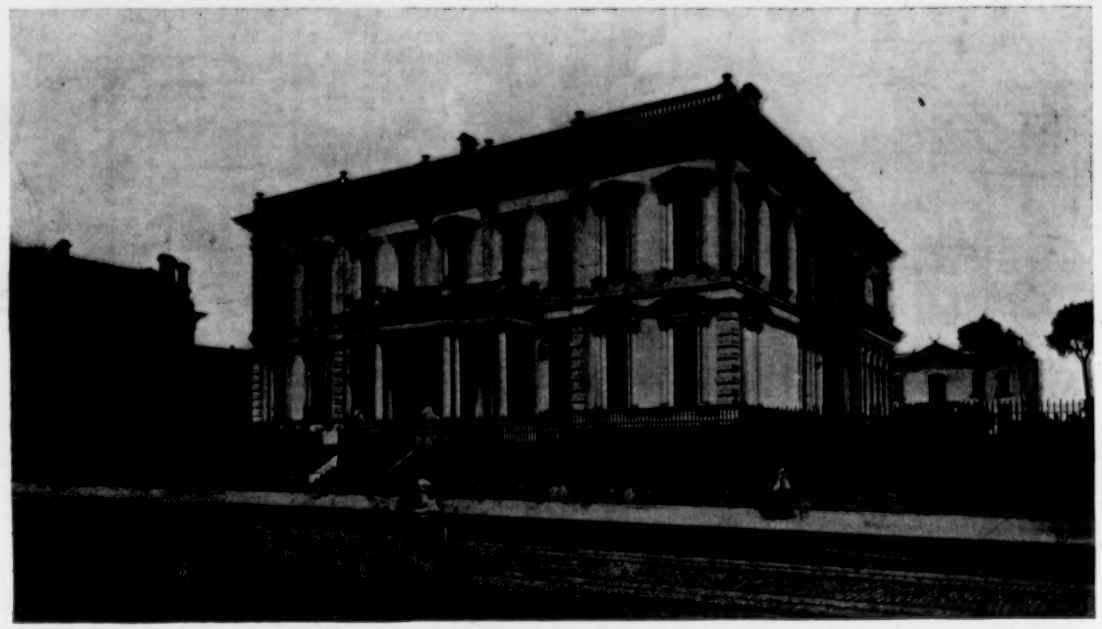
The next resolution asserted that for years the politics of the State had been almost entirely dictated from the offices of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company; that upon the death of a police commissioner Governor Markham appointed a political manipulator and official defaulter named Daniel M. Burns to serve in the interest of the Southern Pacific Company, and that Burns, having failed in the delivery of all the offices of the city and State to the railroad at the last election, either through remorse or at the behest of the railroad resigned, and the Governor appointed in his place a man (Mose Gunst) who is engaged in kinds of business that are prohibited by law and are immoral and disgraceful. Therefore disgrace and burning shame were put upon the State, and it was resolved to send a committee of three to Gunst to ask him to resign the place of police commissioner. Finally it was agreed to appoint a committee of eleven to effect a permanent organization, and to act with other public-spirited organizations toward procuring the reforms that are so earnestly desired.

Another set of resolutions dealt with the Reilly funding bill for the adjustment of the debt of the Central Pacific Railway, which is part of the Southern Pacific system. In these resolutions Mr. Huntington was charged with having a powerful lobby at work to force through Congress the Reilly or some other funding bill. He was called "a self-confessed briber," and was charged with a lifetime spent in improperly influencing supervisors, Legislatures, and Congress. It was declared that the sum of the Central Pacific's debt was "paltry compared to the injury of hundreds of millions of dollars which will be done to the Pacific States by permitting this iniquitous corporation to continue its rule over our people." It was argued that a funding bill would extend the monopoly fifty years more, and "will saddle the debt on the people by giving the monopoly a chance to increase its fares and freight rates to such an extent as to make our people pay both the interest and principal of the debt"; therefore it was resolved to protest against the passage of the bill.

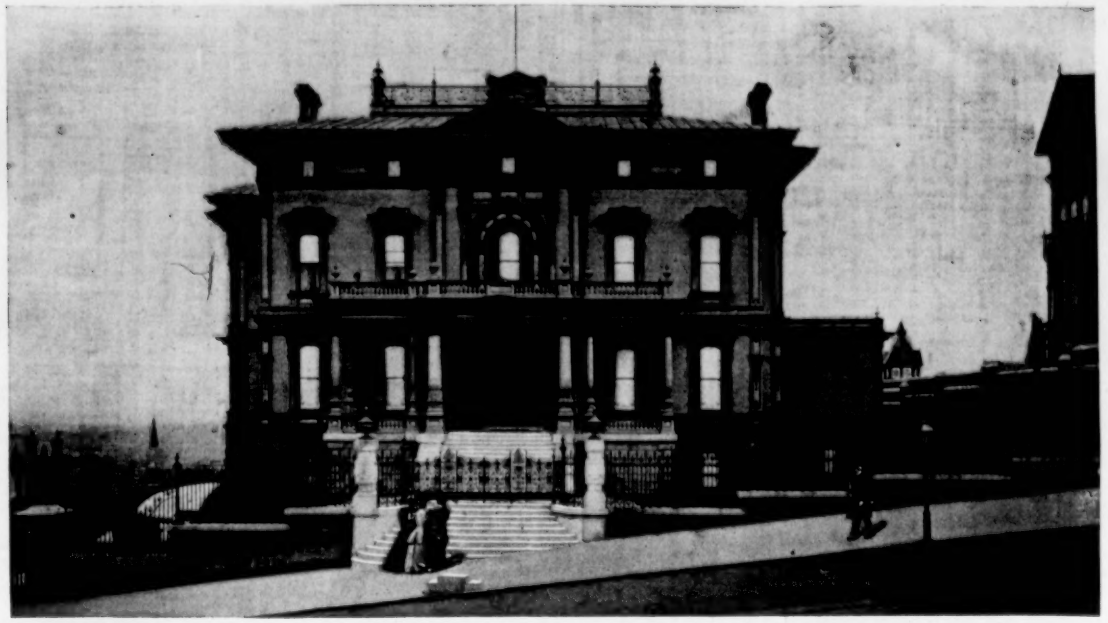
The distress about this funding bill was not explained at the meeting. The fact is that originally the Central Pacific Company issued first-mortgage bonds the payment of which was guaranteed by the Federal government. Later a law was passed releasing these bonds from their status as first-mortgage liens, and the company issued another lot of bonds that became a first-mortgage lien and were not guaranteed by the government. The first indebtedness was twenty seven millions of dollars, and to this was added the new first-mortgage issue in the same amount. The government has been paying the interest on the guaranteed debt, until it has grown into nearly sixty million dollars. It is this debt which the railway company seeks to get refunded at two per cent. per annum for fifty years. In their opposition to this plan of the monopolists many Californians go to the extreme of recommending government control of the Central Pacific system. As one well-known citizen put it to me: "We want the government to foreclose the mortgage and put the road up at auction, or close it, or run it as a government road; anything rather than continue it as an adjunct and feeder to the Southern Pacific road, which now uses it to control one of the only two gateways between California and the East."

The tone of this meeting was intemperate in the main. The speakers, with one or two exceptions, were not representative of either the solid or the conservative class. But it had the interest and sympathy of the whole people; for the whole people, as a mass, are of one mind on this subject. That was proved by the fact that the San Francisco *Examiner* (as able and public-spirited a journal as there is in America) obtained, this winter, two hundred thousand signatures to a protest against the passage of the Reilly funding bill by Congress. There are not many more voters in the State than there are signers of that protest.

It must be remembered that the Californians are a small community. They have known their great millionaires from seeing them start in life when the population was very much smaller indeed. The first quartet of money kings was formed by Messrs. Flood, Fair, Mackay, and O'Brien, who made their millions in mining. They did little for the State, but they got their money without arousing complaint. The next "Big Four" was the Southern Pacific quartet—Stanford, Huntington, Hopkins, and Crocker. These gentlemen were remembered as small merchants who went into the building of the Central Pacific Railroad when their combined capital was not above two hundred thousand dollars. Their estates are now reckoned to be worth two hundred million dollars. It is said that by their methods they discounted the dividends of the company, or, rather, took them in advance. Only one of the four, Mr. Huntington, is now alive, and only

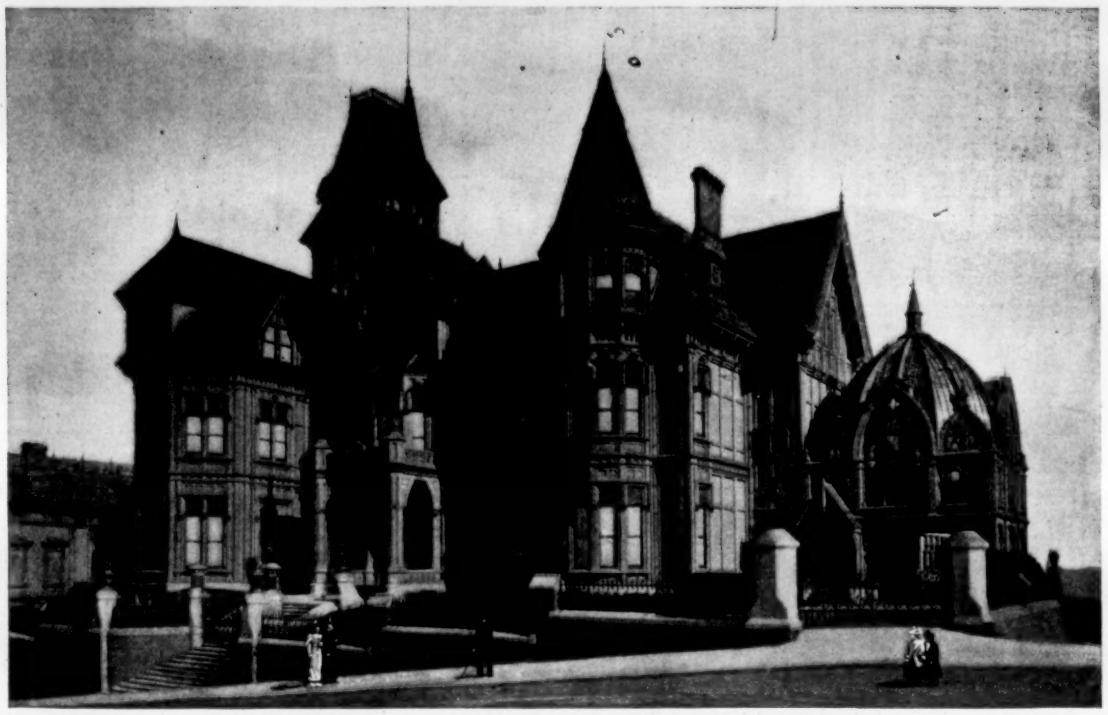


MRS. D. D. COLTON'S RESIDENCE.



MRS. LELAND STANFORD'S RESIDENCE.

CHARLES CROCKER'S RESIDENCE.



MRS. MARK HOPKINS'S RESIDENCE.

TYPICAL HOMES OF CALIFORNIA MILLIONAIRES, SAN FRANCISCO.—From Photographs by Taber.

one of the bonanza men remains. All are so well known that the affair takes on an almost personal character.

The general relation of the people beyond the Rockies to the roads that serve them is such as to excite the sympathy of the rest of our citizens. It is by no means a desirable thing for any region to have its roads in the hands of receivers,-as most of these roads are. But the evil goes far back of that, to the beginning, when the roads were bonded for more than their cost and far more than their present value. It continued in those instances where the roads were robbed or mismanaged by wreckers and stock-manipulators. The result, to-day, is that the total bonded indebtedness of the transcontinental railroads is not less than five hundred millions of dollars. The burden of the interest on that enormous debt falls upon less than two millions of souls—a debt of more than $250 per capita. The people of the West coast could stand that and smile at the misfortune when the Nevada mines produced fifty or sixty millions in silver each year, when California was producing fifty millions of dollars annually in gold. The railroad tax did not cut much of a figure as a tax on the wealth that was so superabundant, and that buoyed up wages and earnings of every other sort; but now that the silver mines are closed and the gold production is down to twelve millions of dollars, there is nothing left for the people to turn to except agriculture, and many persons assert that the State cannot support the debt.

Every railroad in California is bonded for twice or more than twice its cost, and it has been declared again and again that the Southern Pacific system cost no more than $15,000 a mile to build, yet it was bonded for from twice to three times that figure, and upon that sum it must pay six per cent. interest. As one shrewd merchant put the case, "the bonds represent three times its actual cost, and pay six per cent." Two per cent. interest, even on their alleged value, would not satisfy the foreign or American holders, yet eighteen per cent. on their true value is what the people of California have to pay. The Californians also have to pay the lion's share of cost of the maintenance of the roads upon a thousand miles of non-productive and desert land.

The extent of the monopoly which is maintained by the newest Big Four of California millionaires who own the Southern Pacific company is greater than most persons outside the State imagine or would have believed possible. The so-called octopus which throws its iron suckers over the mountains and into all the richest valleys is but one branch of the monopoly. The control it has upon the carrying business of the whole State is rivveted to it by lines of steamships North, South, and East, and in addition it picks up the small change that remains outside its bigger transactions by a monopoly of the street railroads, the ferries, and the suburban railroads in and around San Francisco in the district of densest population, where one-third of the people of California reside.

Of the extraordinary and wellnigh perfect street-car service of San Francisco it owns all but these four of the tramways: The Union Street cable line, the Sutter Street cable line, the California Street cable line, and the San Francisco and San Mateo (trolley) line. The Southern Pacific company's street railways are said to be bonded for much more than their cost, but they pay handsomely even on that basis, and in my own opinion are not fairly open to criticism, since they give an unexcelled service at a five-cent rate, with the right of transferrence from one line to another at junction points, so that one nickel carries the passenger wherever he desires to go within the city.

The monopolists own all the San Francisco ferries except that to Saucelito and one other small one. The Sacramento River is navigable for big steamers for a little more than one hundred miles, and used to be a field of independent enterprise as well as a very great rate-regulator and medium of traffic; but the Southern Pacific company ran off all other boats except its own, and now controls that great highway.

The monopolists own or control the Pacific Mail Steamship Company and the Oriental and Occidental Steamship Company, and thus exert their influence upon the bulk of the trade with China, Japan, and the Sandwich Islands.

They do not own the small seacoast shipping line to Napa, the one to Petaluma, or the more considerable one to Stockton, ninety miles. Nor do they own the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, whose ships run south as far as Port Harford, and north to Puget Sound, Victoria, and Alaska.

Among the railroads of the State, in addition to the vast controlling net-work that forms the Southern Pacific Company, the monopolists, as private owners, control the railway to Sacramento and that to Santa Cruz. The railway maps which show the State gridironed with black lines all over its surface give the public an exact and true idea of the comprehensive thoroughness of the monopoly. A map that would show the roads within the State which are not in the Southern Pacific system has never been printed and never will be, except it be to show the enormity of the situation or the farcical aspect that the independent lines present.

The total mileage of the Southern Pacific system in and out of the State is 8500 miles. The total mileage of the independent railways in California is about 750 miles, and only one of the independent roads has an independent connection with the general railway system of the country. That is the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe system, with a bonded indebtedness of mountainous proportions, and itself in the hands of a receiver. This railroad bought of the Southern Pacific company the 200-mile stretch of desert road between the State line and Mojave, which the monopolists were very glad to get rid of, since they had no use for it. The Santa Fe railroad enters San Francisco over the tracks of the monopolists from Mojave through the San Joaquin Valley. The Santa Fe company was dissuaded from building its own line through the valley by the very advantageous terms that the Southern Pacific company offered; but both railways are in the transcontinental pool, and have never gone into the philanthropic business of cutting one another's throats for the sake of what the lobbyists in Albany used, in my time there, to call "the dear people."

The Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe company has, on the other hand, built about 250 or 260 miles of independent track to Los Angeles and National City and intermediate points, and has made itself very popular in its own territory by its accommodating spirit and fair terms. It stole a march upon the monopoly by grasping the territory settled by those enterprising invalids from the East who are transforming that once desert corner of the State into a garden. However, to continue the list of independent railroads: they are the Santa Fe, with its less than 500 miles of tracks; the North Pacific Coast Railroad, with 86¾ miles of road-bed; the San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad, with 112 miles of tracks; and the Pacific Coast Railway, with 76 miles to its credit.

It has been shown before the Senate of California that, within the limits of the State, the Southern Pacific company earns annually an average of about ten thousand dollars a mile, gross. The significance of this fact is brought out by the knowledge that the great Iowa railways—the Rock Island, Burlington, and Milwaukee and St. Paul—average about half as much, or $5000 a mile, and yet are prosperous dividend-paying foundations. The whole Southern and Central Pacific system within the borders of California is estimated to draw from the State about twenty-seven millions of dollars annually, or about $21 50 per capita from the small population of the State. And of that population one-third is established in San Francisco and a circle of ten miles around the city.

One of those many accusations against the general policy of the railway, which tens of thousands assert without proof, is that the corporation has always opposed the improvement of the rivers and waterways of the State. It is a fact that California has asked the Federal government to expend but little money in this direction, and the waterways are little improved in comparison with their needs or with those of other States. If this is due to the influence of the railroad it is, of course, because improved waterways would lower freight rates in the territories through which they run. Wherever tide-water touches in California, in the wine country, in the fruit country, in the wheat country, wherever there is population and industries have been established, passengers upon the railway may see the teams of private freighters hauling merchandise alongside the railroad tracks to the water-side. That is a common sight in all the developed parts of California, and it is a sight peculiar to California, the only State in the Union wherein the railroad cannot compete with the ox team.

In the monopoly's effort to make all that is possible out of the "long haul" from the East, the Southern Pacific has ingeniously fixed upon five points in California as terminal points. Shippers to and from the East get low rates to and from these points, but are heavily mulcted between these terminal points and other places in the interior. This is a tremendous source of complaint. Suppose that a person living at A, 200 or 100 miles from the the terminal point B, should order a car-load of nails from Pennsylvania. He pays a fair overland rate on the car to B, and then pays as much again (and sometimes twice as much) to get the car from B to A as he paid to have it moved across the continent.

The map of California shows how the Southern Pacific system has spread out all over the State, throwing out its antennæ into the big and the little valleys alike, as if to control all present and a greal deal of future business by being first in each field and foremost over the whole State. Men who read the strange hieroglyph formed by its black lines upon the map are of the opinion that the company has more road than it can handle profitably at fair rates; that, to use a homely Americanism, "it has bit off more than it can chew." With the best intentions in the world it cannot do much better than it does without going to the wall, because its necessities in keeping up so large a number of unprofitable lines have forced it to require the traffic to serve it instead of its serving the traffic. As one of the leading merchants and millionaires in the State said to me: "There is no malice behind any act or method of the company. It is doing the best it can from the standpoint of its owners." With no part of its road perfected, with hardly any double track, with vast reaches of steep mountain gradients, with desert lands and lands not yet populated up to the point for profitable railroading, it cannot perform its service economically anywhere. Its internal California tariff schedules are extortionate, because if they were made upon a fair live-and-let-live basis the company would not only be in the hands of a receiver, it would perhaps reach a worse plight than the other transcontinental roads. It has got to make its money in the rich valleys of California in order to make up its losses in the mountains and deserts that it traverses. Those temperate critics who discuss the question whether or not the railway has purposely opposed Californian progress assert that the appearance is that the corporation does not encourage local industries because it has not the means to handle greatly increased business, and because the development of industry in California would result in developing railway competition.

The people of the State have been paying as high as four and even six cents a pound for fine goods that are injured by delay in travel or are subject to the caprices of fashion, and as low as a third of a cent a pound for heavy, coarse commodities, like hardware, nails, barbed wire, etc.; that can be and are sent around the Horn in ships. Indifferent to the question whether the railroad makes or loses by carrying the coarse goods at so low a rate, they simply compare the low rates with the high ones, and conclude that they are being imposed upon. In some instances they see such changes made in freight rates that they fancy the railroad is discriminating against home industries, with the hope of killing them. The more probable fact is that the monopoly lowers its rates where home manufacture springs up, so that it may not lose the trade in question. This amounts to the same thing as a malicious interference with the State's progress so far as the local manufacturer is concerned, but yet it may be only a businesslike prompting toward self-preservation on the part of the railway.

Let us take the case of white news paper, for instance: while hardware was taxed at one-third of a cent a pound news paper was charged $1 20 a hundred pounds, overland, from the East. There had been small paper-mills on the west coast, and this high freight rate led to the foundation of one big mill—that of the Willamette Wood-pulp and Paper Company. When it went into business and began to supply the California newspapers, the monopoly cut the rate on news paper down to 55 cents a hundred pounds. If the newspapers of the State had then purchased white paper in the East, at the best rate of $2 25 a hundred, and had paid the freight rate of 55 cents a hundred pounds, their paper would have cost them $2 80 a hundred, and the Willamette mill must have gone out of business. However, the two leading San Francisco newspapers, the *Chronicle* and the *Examiner*, determined to confine their dealings to their own coast as far as possible, and they agreed to pay the home mill $3 15 per hundred, the best rate the mill could offer. In many other lines of trade such stories are told, with varying endings, for and against local industries, and these tales swell the volume of complaint against what the Californians call the great octopus that has wrapped them in its folds.

The shibboleth that acts as a watchword in bringing all the people together is the phrase, "Charge all that the traffic will bear." It is an expression that is variously credited to Mr. Huntington, the original Mr. Crocker, and to various subordinate officials of the company. It is taken to indicate the consistent unvarying policy of the Southern Pacific corporation in respect to its charges for transportation. But the air is full of stories illustrative of this same policy. It does not matter whether they are all true; they are believed to be true. Of those that can be proved two or three may be told here. On one of the days when the Sand Lots movement was strong the late Mr. Charles Crocker met a wealthy merchant downtown, and said to him that he hoped the people of San Francisco would allow him to live among them, but the talk of the Sand-Lotters suggested that they would not. The merchant replied that if Mr. Crocker would do as he would advise, he, Mr. Crocker, would be the most popular man in town. His advice was that Crocker should write to the Chamber of Commerce, asking that a committee be appointed to meet him and confer upon the question what the Southern Pacific company could do to meet the approval of the community. Mr. Crocker listened for an hour, and then said: "I will do nothing of the sort. I will get all I can out of the road, and when railroading plays out I will be such a rich man that I won't care."

The same merchant who reports this once had an enormous shipment to make to the East. He was informed by an officer of the Southern Pacific that it had "got him in the door and was going to squeeze him." It proposed that he pay such a rate as it pleased, a higher one than he had ever paid before. He hired a steamship and sent his goods around the Horn sooner than pay it, and the next year the company made a rate of slightly more than half what it had asked him during the previous year.

A hop-raiser who shipped his harvest each year called for empty cars on one occasion, and the local freight agent asked him if he knew what rate he was going to pay. "The same as before, I suppose," said the rancher. "Oh no," said the agent. "Hops have gone up, have they not?" The crop had failed in Germany and was a poor one in New York, so that the commodity had risen in value from fifteen or twenty cents to nearly a dollar a pound. In the previous year the hop men had lost heavily. Therefore the rancher asked, "What has the price got to do with you?" "It has this to do with us," said the agent, "I will have to raise your rate from two cents to four cents a pound. Those are my orders, and I think you are getting off very easily."

The shipper sent his hops by wagon teams to the nearest waterway and by boat to San Francisco, and paid only about two cents a pound for that mode of transporting them. Then the railway agent came again to him and said: "Why did you not tell me what you were going to do? I would have got a rate of a cent a pound for you."

It is because of such relations between the people and the railroad that the public believes the story that one great ranch-owner has sworn that, until another railroad is built, he will not raise upon his land a single pound of anything for market except what can walk to the place of sale upon its own legs. So he raises mules, horses, hogs, and sheep, and drives them to the coast or the nearest station of the Santa Fe route.

"The transcontinental business of the Southern Pacific company does not pay at the rates the company has been forced to make," said still another merchant. "They have been forced to make up for their transcontinental losses by excessively heavy local rates in California. That is why we see that, as in the case of wheat, they cannot carry it at all on the transcontinental route, yet they charge a rate of four dollars a ton for a 200-mile haul to the seaboard, though the same commodity has been hauled at a profit for two dollars a ton over twelve hundred miles between St. Louis and the Atlantic."

It is impossible and useless to try to set down here the instances of the injustice of the railway situation that are obtainable from nearly every industry and trade in the State. A few will suffice to indicate the nature of all the rest. For examples, take what is said by the traders in tea and coffee. Some years ago the tea importers who bring tea here from Japan sought relief from the Inter-State Commerce Commission. Under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce they employed counsel and experts to state their case, which was as follows: The transcontinental companies made rates between Japan and the interior pooling-points (including all but the very small towns) at terms as low as or even lower than the rates between Japan and San Francisco. The tea-importers of San Francisco had built up a trade, which was thus destroyed, because they could not ship to the interior as cheaply as the merchants of the interior could get the tea direct from Japan. The Southern Pacific monopoly owns or controls the two great steamship lines to the Orient—the Pacific Mail and the Oriental and Occidental companies—and it encouraged the tea-men of the interior cities to buy in Japan instead of in San Francisco. The tea-distributing trade of San Francisco was destroyed, and the merchants have filed claims against the railways for their losses. It costs about as much to-day to ship a box of tea from Yokohama to Omaha or St. Paul as it does to send it to San Francisco, so that in the logic of the case the presumption is inevitable that San Francisco is paying the cost of the tea shipments to the interior, or else the railway is carrying the tea into the interior for nothing. The situation comprises possibilities of such extreme hardship to San Francisco that it is possible for a merchant in the interior to ship tea back into California cheaper than a San Francisco merchant can distribute it in his own State—that is to say that a Denver merchant, who gets his tea as cheaply as if he were in San Francisco, can re-ship it back to any long-haul point in California at long-haul rates for less money than it can be sent to such a point from San Francisco at the stiff local rates charged by the Southern Pacific company.

This is true, however, of all business in the State, and therein lies the deep grievance of the people. The mer-

chants of the State can bring goods to their stores at cheap rates by water, but they cannot send them two hundred miles into the State as cheaply as people on what are called the long-haul, or transcontinental, points can get the same goods from the East. In a word, the trade of San Francisco has been destroyed; its place as the commercial capital of the State has been stolen from it.

Up to a recent date the cost of bringing nails, shoes, barbed wire, or bar iron (and all non-perishable goods not affected by delay or by the fashions) was forty cents from New York to San Francisco. To reship these commodities from San Francisco to Fresno—one hundred and eight miles—in car-load quantities was 51 cents, or $2 20 a ton more than from New York to San Francisco, though the goods came through Fresno, and Fresno, therefore, paid double duty on them. The same goods passed through Bakersfield on their way to San Francisco, paying 40 cents on that long haul. But when they were shipped back to Bakersfield (three hundred and three miles) they were taxed 82 cents, or $16 40 a short ton. That is forty cents a ton more than twice as much as the rate from New York

FOR THE SALVATION OF THE STATE.

On January 16th delegates from the central counties met at Los Angeles to discuss a project for a popular railroad "to break down the power of the railroad that is destroying all the interests of our State." The most practical plan was declared to be that embodied in an act before the Legislature empowering counties to create a bonded indebtedness and issue bonds for the construction of railroads within their boundaries. This meeting came to naught, because on the very next day the Traffic Association of San Francisco sent out a call to the leading real-estate owners of the city for a meeting in the interest of a proposed San Joaquin Valley Railroad, to thread the richest and largest valley in the State, and to break the Southern Pacific monopoly in what is at once its strongest and its weakest arm—strongest because it brings the monopoly its greatest earnings, and weakest because those earnings seem to assure the success of a competing road. The call, signed by Isaac Upham, President, declared that a new road run for the people "will sustain and improve a waning commerce to which the large number of empty stores, offices, and houses bear testimony."

It said that "the situation in the State north of Tehachapi is too well understood throughout our whole country to admit of the expectation that immigrants of intelligence will seek to make their homes in the San Joaquin Valley to become the peons of the Southern Pacific Company, or that capital will further seek investment in this city or that valley under such conditions as exist at present. The Southern Pacific company have discounted the future of California too far in advance."

It said that the association found the mercantile interests of the city willing to bear a liberal share of the cost of the new venture, but not unless the co-operation of the real estate and financial interests is secured. The situation was declared critical, the necessity urgent. It made a vast difference to San Francisco who builds the new road; "another road in these valleys governed by the same instincts and incentives which prompt the one we now have to sacrifice everything to the long overland haul, and to discriminate against the city, as they do when they charge more for the movement of freight between San Francisco and the valley than is exacted for ten to twenty times the service in the opposite direction, would render San Francisco completely subservient, and make them the suppliant for such favors as it might serve the interests of such roads to grant."

The popular sentiment was not only ripe for this agitation, but it was ripe to an extent that had not been dreamed of by those who thought that they correctly counted the public pulse. The Merchants' Association had asked for $350,000 from San Francisco, estimating that the new road from San Francisco to Bakersfield at the head of the valley could be built for $15,000 a mile; but at the very first meeting the financiers and capitalists, who unexpectedly attended the meeting, said that millions instead of hundreds of thousands should be raised, that San Francisco must make up the bulk of the money, and that the country could only be looked to for right of way and terminal facilities. The capitalists took the project out of the hands of the Traffic Association, and in a day changed it from a feeble timorous scheme to a bold and impressive project. Mr. Claus Spreckels, the great sugar refiner, led all the rest. He said that not two millions but four millions would be forth-coming, and he subscribed half a million, besides promising $100,000 apiece from each of his two sons, John and Adolph. He said that the road would probably extend to Los Angeles, and possibly to Mojave, the point of connection with the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe system. Great capitalists, leading lawyers, and the representatives of many large estates appeared at the meetings and in the public discussions, and gave the stamp of sincerity to their explanation that San Francisco was at last stirred to its marrow by the consciousness that in every five years of the city's history there has been a steady decline in the volume of its business in all the leading lines, and that the cause is obvious: railroad charges being adjusted so as to make it cheaper to supply the interior of California from Eastern trade centres than from San Francisco. As the case was put by Mr. James D. Phelan:

"Mr. Huntington's design is clearly to turn the whole commerce of this coast, so far as he can control it, to New Orleans as its seaport, for of that trade he has an assured monopoly, in the control of the shortest and least expensive overland road lying wholly within United States territory. His control of the other roads within this State confirms his power in this respect, for though transportation to this city by sea is essentially cheaper than anything he can offer, his control of interior rates enables him to burden this trade between San Francisco and the interior with prohibitory rates. His roads are all managed so as to lead to the sea at New Orleans and ignore San Francisco. Our only remedy for this is to build a road from San Francisco to the interior."

At the third meeting—in Mr. Spreckels's office, where the movers met each time after the project got well under way—it was announced that no less than $1,025,000 had been subscribed. The committee of managers of the new enterprise swelled with each meeting, until on this occasion there was put forth a statement, which was signed by a score of men who included persons of such respectability and wealth and general solidity as had never before, at least since the call for the Vigilance Committee of old, appended their names to a call for any public movement of the community. These names were as follows:

Claus Spreckels, chairman. Alexander Boyd, capitalist, Thurlow Block. James D. Phelan, capitalist, 806 Market Street. James Flood, capitalist, Nevada Block. O. D. Baldwin, Vice-President American Bank and Trust Company, Mills Building. Daniel Meyer, banker, 214 Pine Street. W. F. Whittier, capitalist, 214 Pine Street. Albert Miller, President San Francisco Savings Union, 532 California Street. Charles Holbrook, Holbrook, Merrill, & Stetson, Market and Beale streets. Thomas Magee, real estate, 4 Montgomery Street. John T. Doyle, capitalist, 916 Market Street, Room 36. John D. Spreckels, 327 Market Street. J. P. Martin, agent Sharon estate, 305 Sansome Street. Lewis Gerstle, Louis Sloss & Co., 310 Sansome Street. Levi Strauss, Levi Strauss & Co., 10–16 Battery Street. Antoine Borel, banker, A. Borel & Co., 311 Montgomery Street. Adam Grant, Murphy, Grant, & Co., Bush and Sansome streets. C. de Guigne, Parrott estate, 414 Montgomery Street. Isaac Upham, Payot, Upham, & Co., Pine and Battery streets. J. B. Stetson, Holbrook, Merrill, & Stetson, Market and Beale streets. A. B. McCreery, capitalist, 211 Sansome Street, Room 3. E. F. Preston, secretary.

Of themselves these gentlemen said: "The committee who present this proposition to you are neither promoters, contractors, builders, nor owners of railroads. The entire scheme and project is as novel to them as to you, and the moving impulse with them, as it must be with you, has been the good, the advancement, the future, and the prosperity of the State of California. The proposition is to make it a people's road, owned by the people, and operated in the interests of the people, and it is to you as part of the people that we turn for assistance."

The public statement that they made was that it is their purpose to build a road from San Francisco to some point in Kern County in southern California—the county containing Bakersfield and Mojave—the point of entrance of the Santa Fe system. They are to capitalize the company at six millions of dollars, with 60,000 shares of $100 each. The only condition is that two millions of dollars shall be subscribed within six months, when the company shall be incorporated and begin work. Finally they said "that for the purpose of insuring said railroad as a *bona fide* competing railroad each of said subscribers hereto further covenants and agrees to and with the others and with said corporation that after the subscription to the amount of two million dollars ($2,000,000), and the incorporation of said company, as aforesaid, that they will place all stock issued to them under the subscription and incorporation in a pool or trust, the names of the trustees and the conditions of said pool or trust to be fixed and determined by a vote of three-fourths of the whole of the stock so subscribed and issued, taken at a meeting to be called on not less than ten days' notice to all of the subscribers and stockholders in said corporation.'

At this writing, the first week in February, nearly a million and a half dollars have been raised. Some of the great newspapers of the East have come to the coast, bringing word that their editors doubt the sincerity of Mr. Spreckels and the future of the new road. They write in ignorance of the truth, but their sneers will have one good effect, for they will give added nerve to Mr. Spreckels, who is already known as the hardest fighter and boldest financier on the coast. If he wanted to be a traitor to the people's cause he could not be, for John T. Doyle, the shrewdest lawyer on the coast, will draw up such a charter for the new company that, with the stock pooled and held in trust, no stock jobbing can be done with it. Moreover, Mr. Spreckels is outweighed in the directory by the best representatives of the most conservative element and the people of largest means in San Francisco. However, in San Francisco there is no lack of faith in Mr. Spreckels.

"It is a good thing, a healthy thing," said a very prominent merchant in San Francisco, "for the rich men of the State to take an interest in the grievance of the masses. They have stood aside too long and too selfishly, and their apathy upon all matters that have stirred the people has been a reproach to the State. It is a healthy thing that the force of public opinion has at last roused them, and made them throw in their lot with all the others. Moreover, it is a grand thing that the Southern Pacific millionaires are at last about to be shown that there is a power higher than theirs, and that a seaport city like San Francisco is independent of them, and cannot be played with as if it were their toy or pocket-piece."

The San Joaquin Valley of California contains 12,000,000 acres of arable land, and is 450 miles long, with an average width of 60 miles. It is an imperial garden, which, with the Sacramento Valley to the northward of San Francisco, forms the heart and the main agricultural treasury of the State. All the land in the San Joaquin Valley is arable. It is a fertile, sheltered table-land, not above 500 feet higher than the sea-level, and sheltered by mountains on three sides. In the northern part there is a plenteous rainfall, and in the south, where the rainfall is slight, there are streams sufficient for irrigating the land that needs their water. This territory was settled by persons who were attracted there by the railroad, and it was gradually given over to the raising of wheat. As was the case elsewhere, this staple yielded enormous profits, and made the traditionally "poor farmer" the same great money-maker that he became all over the West, where wheat and corn were the staples, in the days of their supremacy. But the San Joaquin farmers were no wiser than their class elsewhere. They are distressed now, their lands are mortgaged, and they need money; not alone because of the grinding extortion of the railway corporation, but also because when they were making money they spent it to load themselves up with more and more land.

With the growth of population in the great valley the products have become more diversified, and to-day of raisins alone no less than eighty millions of pounds are raised annually. Lemons, oranges, and all the deciduous fruits, even to apples, are successfully grown there. The valley farmers raise two crops a year successfully, though not as a rule. The trouble with the fruit-ranchers has been that they have been sufficiently poor to be obliged to rush their goods to market so as to borrow early advances from the banks and the brokers. They have borne down the market each year. A plan is on foot now for uniting them in a scheme by which capitalists will loan money to them, collect their output, and distribute it on the market as the market demands it.

The Southern Pacific monopoly has injured the dried-fruit trade of the valley in this way: it has taken one dollar in every three that the ranchers have earned. It makes an overland rate of a dollar a hundred to the East, and then controls the field by seeing to it that whatever the water rate is, *viâ* the Panama Railroad, the cost of freighting to the seaboard shall be such as to make the whole freight rate equal to one dollar. Of course the shippers, having no choice in rates, have shipped by the railway, and gained the advantage of quicker time, but they have seen the railway earn in a few days one-half as much money as they have earned in each year of work and risk.

It is believed that the new railroad will take a leaf from the monopoly's lesson-book. It will do so by reaching down to Mojave, eighty miles below Bakersfield and three hundred and ninety-five miles from San Francisco. There it will connect with the Santa Fe system, and can play sea rates against land rates, just as the monopoly does. The new road will bring the great dried-fruit business to a centre at San Francisco, and make that city its market and distributing-point. It is believed that by the use of the sea it will cut overland rates twenty-five per cent. And this is the situation with respect to all the California products.

THE LAST STRUGGLE FOR RELIEF.

In 1878 the Pacific Mail Company contracted with the Panama Railroad to carry goods at a special and exclusive rate, and to make no contract for business with any carrier to points north or south of Panama on the west coast of the United States. That was fifteen years ago. The contract expired in February, 1893. While it lasted it made the Pacific Mail master of that route, and that and the Southern Pacific Railway became one and the same to all intents and purposes. This contract insured to the Panama Company a certain revenue which amounted to a subsidy. The Pacific Mail and the transcontinental roads then made a contract whereby the transcontinental roads had the privilege of making their own rates between New York and San Francisco, with the right to load a given amount of tonnage on each ship sailing in each direction.

For this the combined roads began paying $110,000 a month (or $1,320,000 a year). This was subsequently reduced to $85,000, to $75,000, to $65,000, and then it was changed back to $75,000 during the period covering the fifteen years of the contract. The object of this arrangement was to prevent California from using the sea as a means of transportation. In consequence of the helplessness of the people of the entire coast the freight rates, even upon coarse and non-perishable goods, were whatever the monopolists chose to make them.

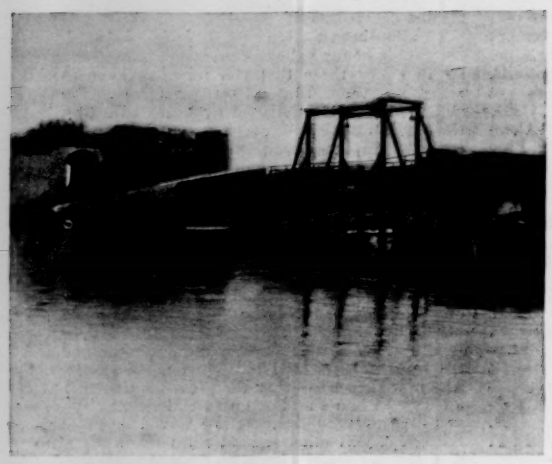
The monopoly used the situation as a whip with which to discipline the sailing-ships in the business of carrying goods around the Horn. It governed this competition through the commission men in San Francisco, saying to them, "You must take only a certain proportion of the business or we will cut rates so as to make all your business unprofitable." The practical result of this course was that only certain low-class goods were left to the ships, and high-class freight, capable of standing heavy freight charges, was left to the railways, which thus controlled all the avenues between the East and the West.

The mercantile class in San Francisco became desperate, and sought a means of escape from their vassalage by organizing what is called the Merchants' Traffic Association, at the head of which they put a shrewd and experienced railway-traffic expert who had been conspicuously identified with several of the leading railways of the middle West. They at first put on a line of sailing-vessels for the Cape Horn route, beginning service in June, 1892, and thus brought about a rate war between the new line and the other sailing-ship interests. In self-defence the ships took what business they could get at what rates they could make, and the railroads found their hold upon the water business had gone—first their sailing-ship control, and finally their Panama grip, for the new condition destroyed the main usefulness of the Panama monopoly. The subsidy to the Pacific Mail Company was withdrawn at the end of 1892.

At this stage the San Franciscans took the Panama Railway over to their side in the struggle for and against monopoly. Whoever inquires about this movement will hear it described in two ways in San Francisco. The people who are under the influence of the monopoly, and the others who represent the apathy of the old-school miners' spirit (which trusts to luck through thick and thin), will say that the Traffic Association was used as a cat's-paw by the Panama company, and that their money was drawn upon to help the Panama Railway in its fight for self-preservation. The anti-monopolists who made the fight reply that what they did was done with their eyes open, and that they used the Panama company to pull their own chestnuts out of the fire—and succeeded.

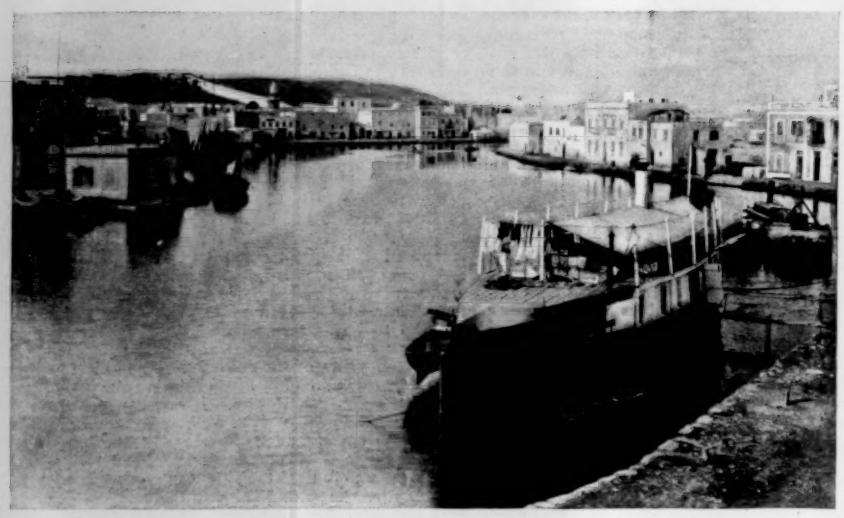
They found the Panama company abandoned by the railroads and in need of both money and business. They knew well how great a factor it is in the maintenance of freight rates between the East and West. They made a deal with it just as the railroads had done. They started a steamship line, and raised the sum of $300,000, so as to be able to maintain the little railway and control the quick freight line. The arrangement was continued during fourteen months, and then the Traffic Association had spent all its money. But during this period transcontinental rates were reduced forty per cent. in the aggregate—forty per cent. of $16,500,000, or nearly half a million dollars a month. This gain, in the form of reduced rates, was a profit which was distributed among all the people of the State—certainly it was shared by all the merchants—but it was at the cost of $300,000 to a few, and therefore the scheme was not kept up, yet it resulted in the creation of new conditions afterward, and as well as in convincing the people that they would have seen much harder times than they did when the business of the rest of the nation was at its lowest ebb.

The Panama contract expired on May 1, 1894. When the merchants retired from the steamship business the Panama company took their plant. It continued the steamship line on its own account, and the rates are still cut. It is now running ships from San Francisco to Panama, and is convinced that eventually it will be able to develop sufficient business to yield a fair profit.

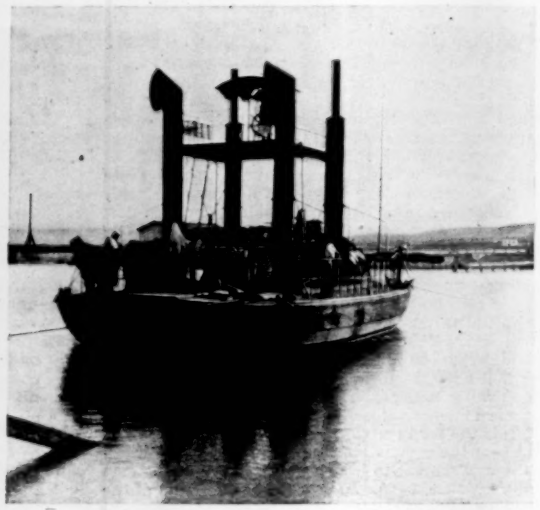


OLD DRAWBRIDGE APPROACH TO THE WALLED CITY.

BREAKWATER IN THE MEDITERRANEAN TO PROTECT THE MOUTH OF THE CANAL.



BASIN, OR INNER HARBOR, WITHIN THE OLD CITY OF BISERTE.



FERRY-BOAT CROSSING THE NEW CANAL.

WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION IN BISERTE.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM H. JACKSON.

# AROUND THE WORLD

WITH THE TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

BISERTE, the new French form of the more familiar Bizerta, combines much of the interest of the past with that of the present. It is situated very nearly due north from Tunis, on the recently completed branch railway line, which is about thirty miles long. The great harbor-works now in progress are but the modern development of very ancient works that rendered Bizerta in Phœnician times one of the best harbors on the coast under the name of Hippo Zaritus. An ancient Phœnician breakwater protected the old entrance to the lakes, which then, as now, formed the natural harbor of the place in very much the same way as the French breakwater, shown in the illustration, is thrown out to protect the entrance to the new canal. Modern engineering skill will doubtless improve greatly upon the old drawbridge shown in our picture, but for the class of vessels which carried the commerce of the Mediterranean either in old Phœnician or Roman times such an entrance must have been sufficient.

From the picture of the new town of Biserte our readers can to some extent estimate the greatness of the efforts which France is making to render the harbor a worthy naval depot for northern Africa. The principal drawback would seem to be that as yet at least the whole thing wears an air of artificial prosperity. The little town of Bizerta, with its population of 8000 souls, which was supported almost wholly by the red mullet fishery, for which its lakes were famous, has now become a comparatively large modern town, but its original occupation is gone. It is a city and nothing more. The country around it is almost an unsettled waste; the railway is supported, even as to its working expenses, by government money. Even the ferry-boat in our picture which crosses the new canal is little patronized, and not at all supported by the natives or the prominent settlers of the place. Biserte is one of those places which would seem to be established with a view to a future settlement and a future population in a district which at present wears a melancholy aspect of desertion.

From Tunis to Constantine is a journey by the East Algerian Railway of 359 miles, which, at the speed adopted on these lines, occupies nineteen hours. For the greater part of the way the line runs through a country which is singularly uninteresting. A succession of vast uncultivated plains separated by occasional ridges of no great height is all that to-day represents what was once a rich and populous country. A clump of olive-trees in the neighborhood of a squalid Arab village occasionally appears in sight, but there are no towns, and next to no cultivation, to relieve the melancholy aspect of desolation which seems to pervade the country.

As the line of railway approaches Constantine it enters a mountainous district which abounds in fine scenery. Constantine itself is a town containing between 30,000 and 40,000 inhabitants, and, like nearly all towns in this part of Africa, it presents the appearance of a new city built on the site of an old one. There are, indeed, four cities at least on the site of the present capital of the French province of Constantine. The city of to-day, of which we give a picture showing its striking and romantic situation, is the Arab city, dating from the eleventh century, improved by the addition of many new buildings since the French occupation in 1837. Some of the new buildings are seen to better advantage in our picture of the old wagon road along the gorge of Rhumel, which surrounds the city on three sides. The wagon road itself is one of those marvellous pieces of enduring engineering which have left the Roman occupation of each country once held by that nation stamped on the face of nature herself.

Behind the Arab city there is still ample evidence of the old Roman city of Constantine. This city was established in the year 313 by the Emperor Constantine the Great; but there had been a Roman occupation of the site from the time of Julius Cæsar, who gave the district to one of his adherents and generals in his African war. It is not now possible in all cases to distinguish the earlier Roman remains from those of the refounded city of the first Christian Emperor, but the remains of the great Roman aqueduct shown in our picture as they still exist in the outskirts of the city may be referred to the later Roman period, while it is at least possible that the old Roman bridge, which has now been replaced by the bridge of El Kantara, shown in our illustration, was a work of the earlier Roman occupation.

The history of Constantine, however, is very far from taking its origin either with Constantine or Julius Cæsar. Centuries before the earliest of those dates the capital city of the kingdom of Numidia, famous in ancient times for its horsemen and its lions, occupied the site of Constantine. It was then known as Kyrta or Kirtha, and in spite of the long lapse of the centuries since then there are still remains of some of the ancient buildings which may be referred to that period. It is also more than probable that the foundations of the great Roman wagon road through the gorge are of ancient Phœnician construction. Our illustration of the head of the gorge of Rhumel shows the remarkable natural formation of the great ravine through which the river flows, forming a natural intrenchment which no doubt suggested to successive occupants of ancient Numidia the suitability of the site for a city easy of defence. Through the gorge is shown a glimpse of the valley, which, being near the city, enjoys the distinction (not a common one) of being cultivated.

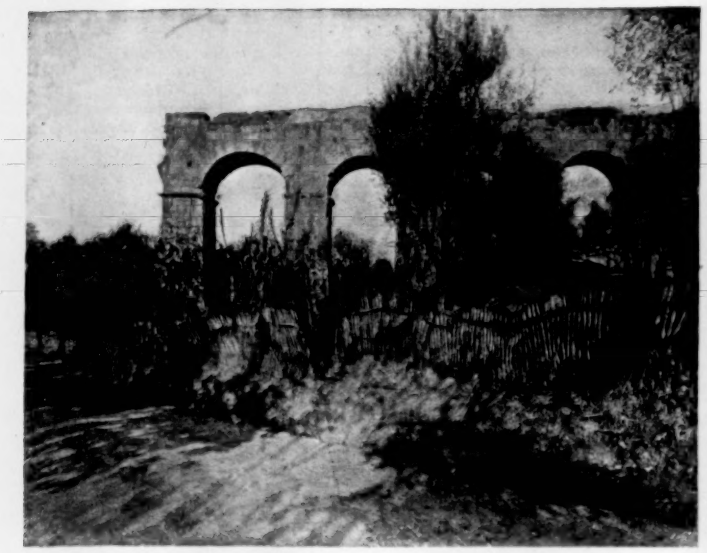
Constantine lies about fifty miles from the coast of the Mediterranean, and communication is now kept up between the city and its port of Philippeville by a branch line of the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway. The difficulties of the route for railway construction are well illustrated by our last picture of a train entering the long tunnel as it approaches the capital. This line, like all the others that have been constructed in the French provinces of northern Africa, is practically a government undertaking, both its general capital and working expenses being the subject of a guarantee of the French Treasury.

## BISERTE.

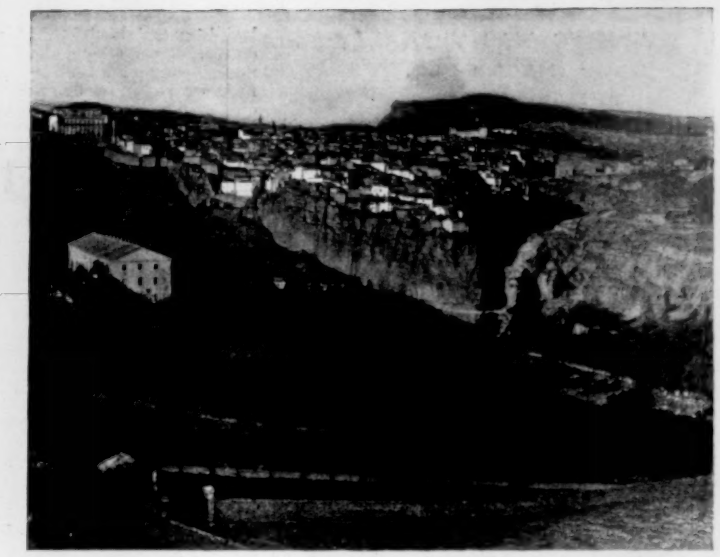
BY MAJOR J. G. PANGBORN.

BISERTE, or, as it is otherwise spelled, Bizerta, evidences the determination of the French government to stop at no expenditure to render it a harbor of the first magnitude. Indeed, it is suggestive of very much more, inasmuch as the adjacent country gives no promise of developing large importance from a commercial standpoint, and Tunis already has superior maritime facilities through its ship-canal from Goletta, by which the ships of the various lines proceed directly to wharf, an advantage not by any means common at North African ports. At Biserte the site of the new town is almost if not quite wholly upon reclaimed or filled-in ground, the course of the stream flowing from the large basin within the walls of the old town having been entirely changed, diverted, in fact, in an almost diametrically opposite direction. A tremendous extent of filling in has been done, the excavation of the great canal having been conducted after a plan providing for the employment, as indicated, of the soil as taken from its bed. The canal, with its long line of stone breakwaters reaching far out into the Mediterranean, rapidly approaches completion, and the harbor created out of what was an inland lake is unquestionably the finest on the Mediterranean. With the stupendous extent of excavation and general work that has been done, there is now an area equal to fifty square miles of anchorage with a depth sufficient to readily float the largest ships in existence. The harbor is completely landlocked, and access to it from the interior is now perfected through the opening of the extension of the Bona and Guelma Railway, a company the bonds as well as the operating expenses of which are guaranteed by the French government. The distance from Tunis by the railway is about thirty miles, and the line was opened the 1st of November.

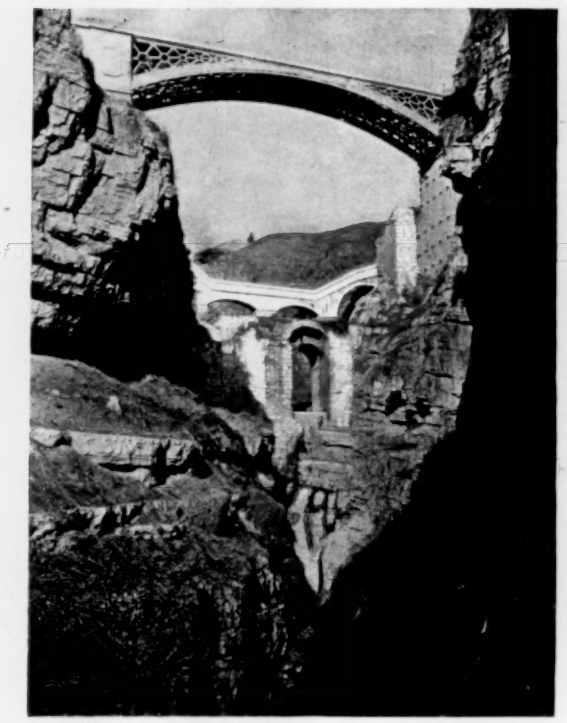
The old town, the strongly fortified walls of which are in excellent condition, is garrisoned by quite a force of French soldiers, who exercise a somewhat strict control over it, no one being permitted to go upon the walls, and a general disposition is manifested to keep the place pretty well within itself. The imposing extent of solid masonry constituting the old breakwater just in front of the ancient town is carefully maintained, there being evidence of repair its full length. Heavy work is also going on at the sea front of the new town, and is of a character suggestive of a wall of great strength. It is said that the French government is expending two hundred millions of francs at Biserte, and appearances would indicate that this is not an exaggeration.



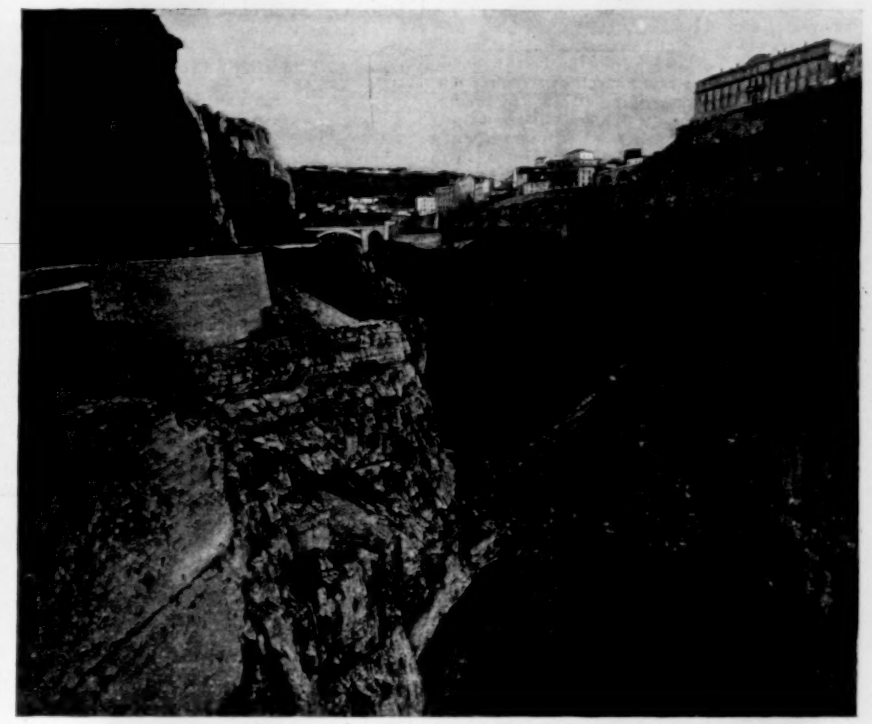
REMAINS OF THE OLD ROMAN AQUEDUCT.



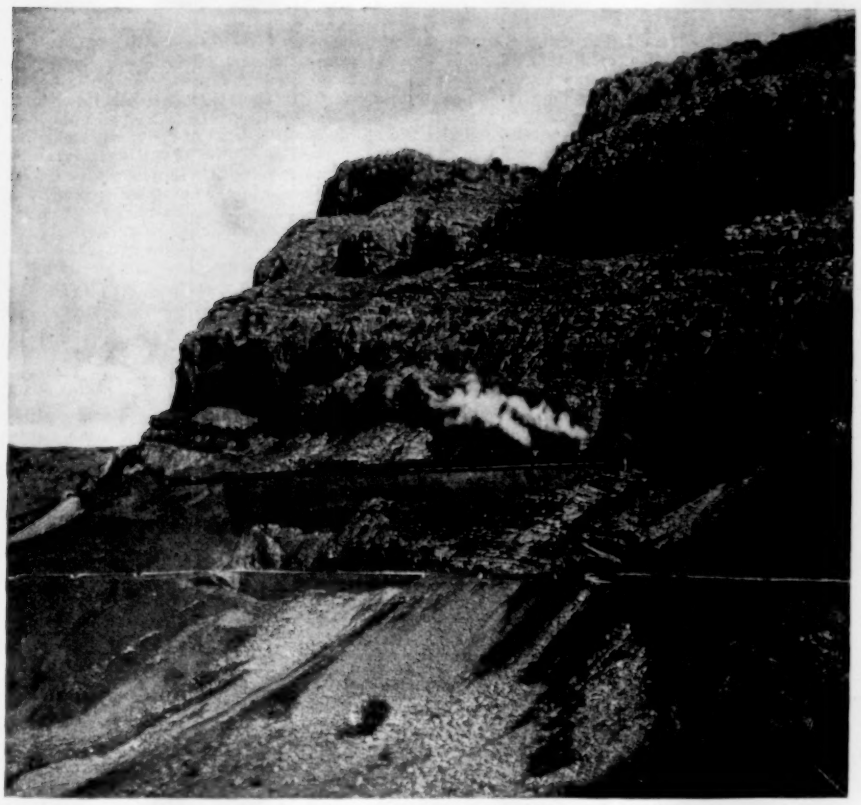
CITY OF CONSTANTINE FROM THE SOUTH, SHOWING ENTRANCE TO THE GORGE OF RHUMEL.



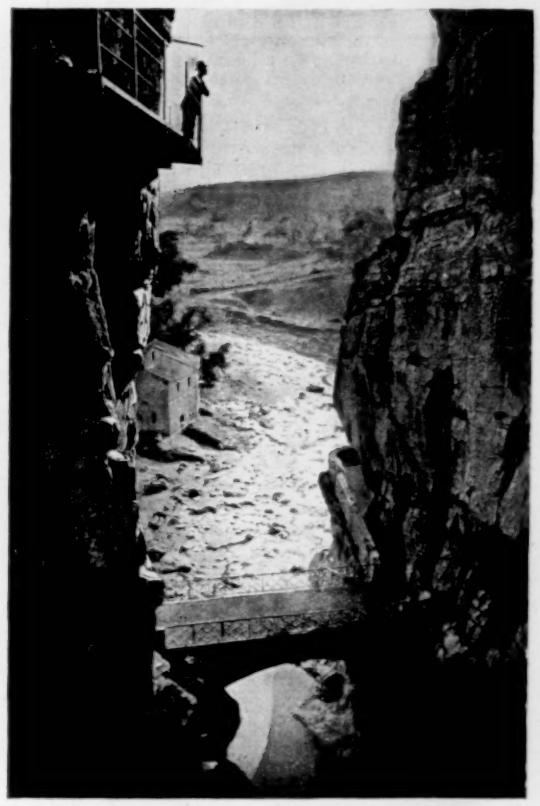
MODERN BRIDGE OF EL KANTARA, OR "TOURISTS' BRIDGE," OVER THE GORGE OF RHUMEL.



WAGON-ROAD APPROACH TO CONSTANTINE FROM THE NORTH.



TRAIN ON THE PARIS, LYONS, AND MEDITERRANEAN RAILWAY ENTERING THE LONG TUNNEL NEAR CONSTANTINE.



HEAD OF THE GORGE OF RHUMEL.

WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF CONSTANTINE.

Photographs by William H. Jackson.

## HOW TOM KING WAS TRANSLATED.

### A Tale of Simple Faith.

BY ERNEST JARROLD.

ERNEST RENAN, the great French philosopher, once said that the good man heads the procession of humanity, and that next comes the scientist, and third the philosopher. This remark reminds me of Tom King, the best man I ever knew. Tom was an old negro who lived in my native village. He had tasted the bitterness of slavery. There were scars on his wrists and welts on his broad back. When I first saw Tom he was in his prime, a man of magnificent proportions, a Hercules in stature and in strength. He could stand on the bottom of a canal-boat moored to the village pier and toss a barrel of flour out upon the wharf. The muscles under his black skin were then supple and sinewy, his giantlike form was as erect as the pine, and men turned to look as he passed them in the street.

In his early manhood Tom was not a good man. One winter a noted revivalist came to the village and opened services in the little Methodist church under the hill. He compared the quiet little hamlet to Sodom and Gomorrah, and thundered his denunciations in a manner which struck terror to the hearts of his listeners. Tom's only surviving relative was his daughter Dinah, who became greatly exercised over the spiritual welfare of her father, and after weeks of pleading persuaded him to go to meeting. This proved to be the turning-point in Tom's career. The horrors of the fate awaiting the sinner in the future world filled Tom with remorse, and he resolved to go to the altar. It was only after a week of brooding that he made up his mind to take this step. To make the effort as easy as possible, he went to the church early and secured a seat near to the altar-rail. Tom's great heart was beating like a trip-hammer when the preacher invited the sinners to flee from the wrath to come, and he was the first to prostrate himself at the altar-rail, and to bend his gigantic frame in an attitude of prayer.

His mind was in a chaos. He felt as if he wanted something, but he could not tell what it was. For the following week he was a miserable man. He began to examine those great problems which have vexed the human soul ever since the birth of Adam. His feeble reason attacked such problems as free-will and foreordination. He went to the preacher, but obtained no relief. Tom remained in this mental condition for several weeks, when suddenly his mind was relieved. A sense of rest and happiness filled his breast. The preacher told him that he had been converted, and Tom believed him. He did not know what conversion meant, but he told his daughter, "Once I was dark inside like a coal-cellar, but now I's got a candle in mah soul."

Tom shook off the vices which cling to weaker men as a lion might shake autumn leaves from his mane. It was the blossoming of a human soul into an exquisite goodness. Very simple, childlike, and beautiful Tom's life became. He believed in the Bible literally. With the sensuous imagination of the negro, and the occult divination of a mind which dwelt continually on high planes of thought, he even aspired to translate the mysteries of the book of Revelation. Tom never troubled himself about current events, but after supper he would open the well-worn Bible and pore over the wonderful book with constant delight. And as the years went by, his spiritual horizon widened, and all malice and uncharitableness departed from him, leaving a gracious kindliness and sweetness which irradiated his rugged features. The portion of the Bible which fascinated Tom more than any other was the story of the translation of the prophet Elijah. In these iconoclastic days, when the hammers of materialism have been coming down with crushing force, there are many who laugh at the story of the fiery chariot and the flaming horses, but doubt of its truth never crept into the roomy chambers of Tom's faith. His Oriental fancy saw the chariot descend and rise again with its living freight. With beatific vision Tom would close the holy book after reading the story over again, look up with eyes of faith through the ceiling until the meteoric vehicle was swallowed by the sky; then clasping his callous hands in religious ecstasy he would sing:

> "Whar, oh, whar is de good Elijah?
> Whar, oh, whar is de good Elijah,
> Who went up in de chariot o' fiah?
> Safe, now, in de promised lan'."

By a process of reasoning peculiarly his own the idea took possession of Tom's mind that "when the summons came to join the innumerable caravan" he would be translated just as the prophet had been. This was not egotism on his part, it was simply an outgrowth of his faith. He had read the words of the Christ about faith like the mustard seed, and its application to the removal of a mountain, and he applied this literally regarding the fiery chariot. Then old age, with its concomitance of partial blindness and rheumatism, came upon him. His once stalwart form was bent, and his great arms began to wither like the limbs of a tree smitten by lightning. But his faith, clarified by years of self-communion and humility, supported him in his adversity. The little oases of refreshing in the desert of his physical weariness Tom found at the weekly prayer-meeting. He always sat in a high-backed wooden pew near the door, remembering sadly that he was of an alien and contemned race. One hot August evening, when the brethren and sisters were paying more attention to the moths fluttering around the gas-jets than to the iteration of time-worn supplication and exhortation, the preacher awoke from a half-doze, and without rising from his seat, said:

"There still remain a few minutes before the close of the meeting. If any one wishes to say a few words or to lead in prayer he now has the chance."

From far away on the drowsy evening air came the notes of a whippoorwill. Then the silence was broken by a blundering June-bug, which flew into Sister Jones's ear, provoking a shriek and a snicker. Then silence again. The preacher was about to close the meeting, when old Tom King pulled himself, by the help of the seat in front, to an erect position. He looked like a gigantic oak which was fast decaying, and there was a trembling cadence in his voice as he said, "Let us pray."

Tom paused for a few seconds, as if trying to gather all the powers of his finite intelligence in the effort properly to fix his feeble utterance to the task of addressing the Infinite. Then, with profound pathos and humility, he began:

"Our Father who art in heaven, we, Thy leetle chillun, look 'way tru' de night shadders into de ca'm lan' beyon' de sea. To-night, our Father, de fogs ob unbelief an' de mists ob doubt am bein' swep' away by de strong wind ob faith, an' we can see de crystal ribber an' de bloomin' fiel's ob Paradise. De road has been tol'ble long an' dusty, Father. Sometimes de water has been sca'ce on de road, an' de sun has burned hotter dan de fu'nace; but, bress de Lord! de promis' lan' am only a leetle ways yander. Our eyes am a-gittin' dim, but we can see de sun a-shinin' on de jasper gates an' de glory floodin' de walls ob de holy city. De steeples an' de winders am a-blazin' wiv de light. We's on'y a-settin' on de steps ob heaven to res' befo' de hosses ob fiah an' de chariots ob crimson come down to take us into de green fiel's whar de flow'rs is eber bloomin'. In de sweet fiel's ob Eden we can see de Solomon-lily an' de roses ob Sharon, an' de bleedin'-heart honeysuckle, all sweeter dan de honey in de comb. De leetle bees, wiv gol'en wings are a-hummin'. Oh Lord, send quick de hosses an' de chariots to carry us home, 'cause de misery am got us in de legs, an' de as'my am a-chokin'—ah—"

Here Tom halted in his prayer, swayed back and forth, and fell heavily back upon the bench. A scene of excitement ensued. With tender, reverent hands, the brethren laid him upon some cushions taken from some of the front pews. Already the pallor of dissolution was spreading over his face.

"'Tain't no use fo' to sen' fo' de doctor, honey," he whispered to Sister Jones. "I's got mah call."

The radiance of an electric light was shining in at the window from the street. The gleam caught Tom's fading gaze, and a glad smile overspread his face as he murmured:

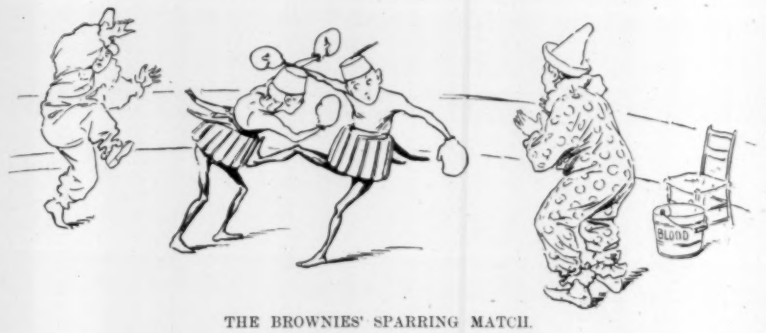
"See de light ob de hosses! See de shine ob de fiery w'eels! Keerful, keerful, Gabr'el; keerful, chile! Drive dem fiah hosses slow! I's comin'—comin'—comin'—"

And so Tom King was translated.

## CINCINNATI'S AMATEUR CIRCUS.

THE third annual amateur circus of the Cincinnati Riding-Club, which came off on the evening of February 9th at the club quarters, was perhaps the most interesting, and certainly a unique event of the social season in the city.

While the promoters do not claim for their entertainment absolute originality nor individuality, they feel that their performance is peculiar in the care bestowed upon it and in the interest awakened, and also in that it is, in all essentials, wholly amateur in management and execution. With a full active list limited to 150, the club has been for four years in its own house and stables.




THE BROWNIES' SPARRING MATCH.

Toward the south is the entrance, flanked by reception and dressing rooms and opening into the spectators' galleries; north of these is the main riding-floor, about 100 by 150 feet, laid down in tan-bark, on which the temporary ring is formed and removed at will.

AN ACROBATIC QUADRILLE.

The exhibition all through was excellent, evidencing considerable training on the part of individual performers and painstaking rehearsals by the entire troupe. It was unmistakably amateur; but no one would wish the society man to be extinguished in the clown, nor the rising attorney to appear as much at ease before an audience on his head as on his feet. There was, however, a snap and swing quite unusual in efforts of this class, due, no doubt, largely to the efforts of President J. V. B. Scarborough and Director George Bullock. But the inspiration most apparent to the audience was that of the ring-master, Mr. Will Hinkle. Resplendent in a white suit, with scarlet dress-coat, patent-leather boots, and silk hat, he was inimitable. If there were any hitches, such as no amateur show ever avoided, he covered them up so that the performance went through without delay of any sort being noticeable. In the first part of the entertainment the most finished work was the fencing of the Messrs. Groesbeck. The tumbling quadrille, a long and trying act for amateurs' muscles, went through spiritedly and in good time; and in the subsequent acrobatic act some very creditable pyramid-work was accomplished.

The greatest interest, however, was shown in the second or hippodrome part, which displayed more especially the work of the Riding-Club. There was not much startling individual horsemanship. Mr. Scarborough's riding of

THE RING-MASTER BOWS HIS THANKS.

two horses in a Roman standing race was perhaps the most unusual piece of amateur work, and the exhibition of animal training given by Mr. Larz Anderson with his horse and dog is rarely excelled anywhere, but the audience had larger interest in the group riding and drills.

The tandem drive, by six ladies, was prettily finished after a little confusion in forming the figure by twos, but the crowning event was the concluding military drill by thirty-two riders. The men wore military costumes, and the ladies colored habits to correspond, eight riders each in French blue and red, in Austrian white and gold, in English scarlet and black, and in our own army blue.

The figures were many and intricate, but there was not a flaw nor a hitch from beginning to end. The wheeling platoons kept excellent line and moved in perfect time; and when, after repeated changes of kaleidoscopic bewilderment and brilliancy, they charged down sixteen abreast and reined up with a salute, the spectators went wild with enthusiasm. Once more they wheeled left by fours, and the column galloped to the far end of the arena; there was a rapid dismounting, a hurried gathering up of trailing habits, and the whole company, hand in hand, with clanking sabres and rustling skirts, danced down in one broad line and made their final bow. The noise of applause died away into the buzz of conversation and congratulations and the footsteps of departing guests on the stairway and halls. A faint dust hung over the tan-bark and blurred the gas-jets in the empty hall; outside was a flood of brilliant moonlight and the creaking of carriage wheels on the snow, and the circus was over.

## THIS BUSY WORLD

WEATHER-PROPHET DUNN has made a meteorological grip chart of New York covering the time between March 21 and May 17, 1891, a period when the grip was phenomenally exuberant, and the deaths from it excessively numerous. The days when the grip was most fatal were days of high humidity and low temperature following warmer days. Study of Professor Dunn's zigzag lines is not conducive to confidence in the suavity of our local spring; but at least it will enable us to look back, after the weather becomes settled, and see upon what days it most behooved us to be cautious. The general rule for spring behavior which its statistics suggest is to remember, every warm day, that the cold day which next follows is a time of peril, more or less acute, according as it happens to be more or less humid.

Albert Kinross, in a letter from London to the *Boston Transcript*, speaks with fervor of the great and sudden expansion of the professional reputation of Mr. E. A. Abbey among the English painters since they have had a sight of his decorative pictures for the Boston Public Library. The pictures, he says, are the talk of the Arts and Hogarth clubs, the Meccas of the English painter, "and Mr. Abbey, till now hardly known but as a singularly capable black and white artist, has stepped with a single stride into the very front rank of living limners."

To match this prompt appreciation of Mr. Abbey in

England, we have the distinguished honor done in France to Mr. John La Farge, who, by special invitation of the National Society of the Fine Arts, is to exhibit a collection of two hundred of his paintings at the coming spring exhibition at the Champ de Mars in Paris. No similar invitation has ever been given to a foreign artist by an artistic society in France. What the French artists particularly wish to see are the sketches, studies, and pictures done by Mr. La Farge in the South Sea Islands and Japan.

Through the efforts of the *Manufacturers' Record* of Baltimore three train-loads of provisions, valued at fifty thousand dollars, have been sent from the South to the relief of destitute farmers in Nebraska. As appears from a letter recently published in the WEEKLY, differences of opinion exist in Nebraska as to the degree of destitution that prevails there. Persons who are anxious to sustain the credit of the State insist that the resources of the State government are equal to all the demands the hard times will make upon them, while other persons draw harrowing pictures of hunger, cold, and suffering. It cannot be doubted, however, that there is dearth enough in Nebraska to cause a lively appreciation both of the supplies that have been sent from the South and of the brotherly feeling which has prompted the sending of them.

A young man has been expelled from Harvard College for whipping another young man who had offended him. It is a very unusual thing for a lad to be expelled from either Harvard or Yale, but in this case the Harvard authorities doubtless felt it expedient in the interest of manners to show prompt and vigorous disapproval of the offence committed. It is a pity that a like vigorous supervision cannot be exercised over conduct in the United States Senate, where, according to the *Evening Post*, Senator Lodge, a Harvard graduate, has been detected in the act of throwing *camouflets* at the President, but apparently without incurring even a note of censure. It is possible, of course, that Lodge's *camouflets* may not have been loaded, but to throw even an empty one in a legislative assembly seems an act of audacity that is positively grewsome.

Mr. Gauld is in a position to sympathize with Mr. Adolph Schreyer, whose obituary was freely published last week in the American newspapers. Mr. Schreyer is in good health, and in the active practice of his profession, at Kronberg, Germany. How the false report of his death was started does not appear.

Word comes from Chicago that Mr. Hobart Chatfield Taylor's new novel, entitled *Two Women and a Fool*, is to be illustrated by Gibson.

It is no disparagement of Mr. Gibson's talent to say that he is just the man for the job. If there is one thing he likes better than another to draw, it is "two women and a fool." He has done it scores of times, and always acceptably.

Boston is to have a show of portraits of women. It begins March 11th, and lasts three weeks. New York is a bigger town than Boston, but that it can beat Boston at showing women's portraits is by no means a foregone conclusion. There are people in Boston—very many people—whose grandparents and remoter forebears lived in Boston before them and handed down their portraits. There are also moderns of large means in Boston who have had their portraits done by painters of as great a price as any who have painted for New York. There will be great store of Copleys and Stuarts at the Boston show. New York will have to take a day off and go and view it.

There is another great show in Boston, that opened on February 1st, and in which the Bostonians exult with a degree of civic pride to which New York has yet to attain. It is the new Public Library in Copley Square. The comeliness of its exterior is more or less familiar. Report says its insides are more admirable still, though the remarkable decorations of Abbey and Sargent are not yet in place. "Behold," cries a Boston paragrapher, "a building constructed entirely of rare materials in which every decoration, every moulding, every little detail, is the necessary result of the unfolding of a great and simple artistic plan!" That is how Boston feels about it. New York has some very good buildings which she is proud of, but none of which she is as proud as all that. She might have had, possibly, if Mr. Tilden had drawn a more durable will. She will have yet. Already the hole for her new cathedral has been dug down to bed-rock, and the foundations are ready to be laid.

That Boston should have come to New York for an architect to build her Public Library is not surprising, for the biggest cities are naturally the best places to find the best architects, but that a New York man should be chosen as the Boston Public Library's librarian is more unexpected, and therefore more interesting. In extenuation of Mr. Putnam's nativity, it is remarked that though born in New York in 1861, and the son of the late George Palmer Putnam, the publisher, he is a graduate of Harvard (of the class of 1883), and has seen very little of New York since he left it to go to college. He got the training which led President Eliot to class him as one of the best three librarians in the country mainly at Minneapolis, where he served for seven years as librarian of the combined Athenæum and city libraries of that town. His work there was very successful. Three years ago he resigned and came to Boston, where he has practised law actively, except for some time spent abroad in buying books for Minneapolis. He lives at present in Cambridge. The offer of the Boston Library caught him just as he was on the point of moving his law practice to his native city.

Solicitous as we all are for a complete restoration of commercial prosperity, and unwelcome as is every rumor of embarrassment in trade, it must be admitted that there is a large admixture of solace in the news that the Plymouth Rock Pants Company has applied for a receiver. Even the most benevolent people find themselves unable to hope for the prosperity of those too urgent merchants who advertise their wares upon the more conspicuous and beautiful features of Nature's face. It is against the law nowadays in most States to deface the landscape in that way, and so it should be. This Boston corporation which is in straits committed an analogous offence. It did not actually put its trousers upon Clio, but it came as near it as it knew how. Regardless of history, of nature, and of grammar, its founders presumed to link the name of a spot sacred in New England and much respected in the West with one of the most intolerable abbreviations our language affords. The association of Plymouth Rock with trousers has no justification, and no reverent New-Englander would have adventured it. It would have been foolhardy even if intelligently done, but to link the Rock with "Pants" was suicidal. It invited retribution, and it has got no more than it should have seen reason to expect.

It is recorded with regret that the partnership of Caspar W. Whitney and A. H. H. Heming, lately formed for Northwestern exploration and adventure in the interest of HARPER'S WEEKLY, was dissolved on the 7th of January, because of an accident to Mr. Heming. Mr. Heming writes that on January 5th, while he and Mr. Whitney were travelling in the bush country, about 300 miles north of Fort Edmonton, he slipped and got a heavy back fall against a pointed log, which resulted in so grave an internal hurt that two days later, Mr. Whitney, finding that he did not improve, insisted that he should turn back and come home. So Mr. Heming is now in bed at Hamilton, Ontario, and writes from there expressing his grievous disappointment at his own misfortune, and his entire confidence that Mr. Whitney will be able to accomplish everything he set out to do.

After parting from Mr. Heming, Mr. Whitney continued north with a dog team and guide, travelling about 32 miles a day. He reached Fort Resolution, on the south side of Great Slave Lake, went on to Fort Rae, on the north side of the same lake, and continued on to Fort McMurray, which the enter-

(*Continued on page 212.*)

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There is no Remedy the equal of **Bromo-Seltzer**

CINCINNATI'S AMATEUR CIRCUS—LADIES' TANDEMS.—Drawn by Max F. Klepper.—[See Page 210.]

(Continued from page 211.)

prising reader may find on the map of the British possessions if he has a good enough atlas. The Mackenzie River packet, which travels south by dog train 1800 miles from the Arctic Ocean to the Canadian Pacific Railway, came in to Fort La Biche while Mr. Heming was laid up there, and reported meeting Mr. Whitney half a day's journey from Fort McMurray. He had turned his ankle, but was pressing on. Later advices from Fort La Biche tell of his leaving Fort McMurray in good order on his way to Chipawyan. He hoped to reach Athabasca by January 21st, and to proceed from there back to Fort Rae, where he hoped to arrive about February 6th. He expected to hunt the musk-ox in the extreme north, and to find the wood-bison on the river Hay, about one hundred miles west of Fort Resolution, on his way back. So far as appears Mr. Whitney's trip has been highly successful, the only disappointment being the mishap to Mr. Heming.

E. S. Martin.


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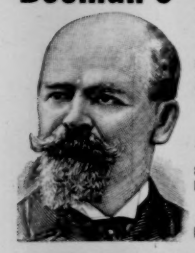

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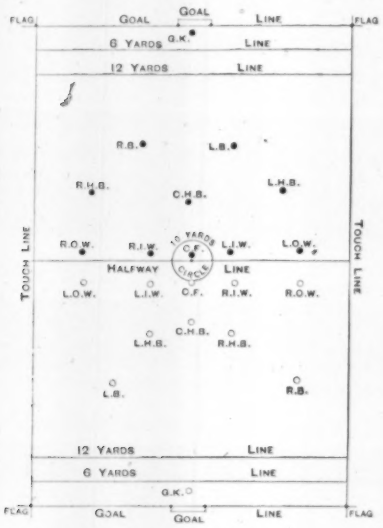
COOTING—"LAST OF THE MORNING GUNNING."—Drawn by George E. Errington.—[See Page 214.]

# AMATEUR SPORT

## ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

Association football, which has only this year come into prominence in the United States, has long been popular in England, more particularly in the last dozen years, during which time its growth in public favor has been phenomenal.

There is no doubt that a large share of this astonishing popularity, which shows as yet not the slightest sign of waning, is owing to the adoption of professionalism, which, when first proposed, met with very emphatic disapproval from a considerable body of the supporters of the pastime, who expressed their fear, amounting in most cases to conviction, that such a course would kill off the game entirely in a few years. Subsequent developments proved in incontrovertible fashion the utter mistakenness of this idea. There can be little doubt that for some time prior to the momentous decision professionalism had existed among the followers of the dribbling game, being more or less skilfully concealed under various subterfuges; and no sooner had the decree for its legalization gone forth than the game blossomed out in instantaneous vigor, and with a spontaneity that was, to say the least, remarkable.




POSITION AT THE KICK-OFF.

DIAGRAMS.

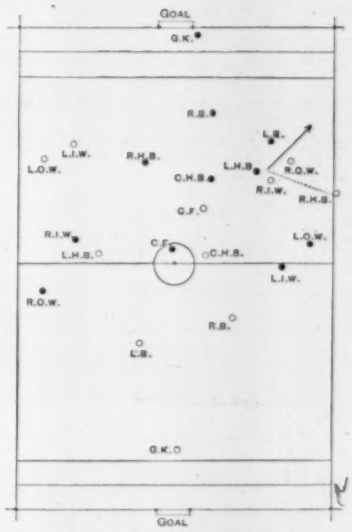
C. F.—Centre forward.
L. I. W.—Left inside wing.
L. O. W.—Left outside wing.
R. I. W.—Right inside wing.
R. O. W.—Right outside wing.
C. H. B.—Centre half-back.
L. H. B.—Left half-back.
R. H. B.—Right half-back.
L. B.—Left back.
R. B.—Right back.
G. K.—Goal-keeper.

It is a fact, however, perhaps even more noteworthy, that in this matter of professionalism the south of England has from the very first stood resolutely apart from the rest of the kingdom, steadfastly refusing to countenance the introduction of the paid player among its clubs. Thoroughly to understand the why and the wherefore of this seeming antagonism of principle it is necessary to have lived some time in the old country, and to have seen something of the inner life of its three sections, the North, the Midlands, and the South. It is in some sense a racial and historical distinction which lies at the root of the matter. The people of the North and Midlands partake rather of the sturdy, steady-going, rough-and-ready nature, and the shrewd, essentially commercial instincts, of the primitive Anglo-Saxon stock grown prosperous through trade and the fostering of manufacturing industries, while the Southerners have more of the leaven of culture and refinement of the Norman ancestry of the nation. A further and more potent factor in the shaping of opinion in the South undoubtedly lies in the fact that the University of Oxford and all save two or three of the great public schools, which are the true cradle of amateur football, are situated in that part of the country. Nor is this theory vitiated by the fact that Cambridge University is not in the South, for in the eastern counties south of Lincolnshire we find the same influences at work and the same dearth of professional activity.

And this leads me to the question of the relative standing of the amateur and the professional in the English world of sport. As a general thing, the professional stands on a rather higher plane than does the paid player on this side of the water. This arises mainly from the fact that he is drawn from a social status usually somewhat superior to that which supplies the professional ranks in the United States. I do not wish to be understood as saying that this is so of necessity, but it is particularly the case in cricket, where it has not been at all an unknown thing for a gentleman of good education, and even a college-man, through stress of circumstances, to throw in his lot with the salaried players. The cases of E. J. Diver, formerly of the Surrey eleven, now of Warwickshire, and of H. B. Daft, of Nottinghamshire, will probably occur to most people acquainted with English sporting matters. In spite of such circumstances, social caste in England, as elsewhere, is above all things powerful, even among the followers of sport. Hence, save on the field itself, where all are equal, amateurs do not mix with professionals.

This may, at first sight, appear a little invidious to an American, brought up to regard all men, provided they be not criminals, as his equals, entitled to all the rights that he himself enjoys, so long as they show themselves worthy. In England, however, as in all other countries where an aristocracy of birth and refinement has continued from feudal days, matters are fundamentally different. The ranks of Southern footballers are, as we have seen, to a considerable extent recruited from the public schools—which institutions in the old country prepare directly for the universities—and from the universities of Oxford and Cambridge themselves. Now Paul Bourget has, in the course of his interesting work, *Outre Mer*, placed it on record as his opinion, after careful consideration and comparison of human conditions on both continents, that "for a young man of twenty-five the best chances of happiness lie in being an Englishman of good family concluding his studies at Oxford." And it is not difficult to see why. Nearly all these Oxford students have incomes of their own; some of them slender, maybe, but sufficient in any case to carry them through life with freedom from anxiety as to their means of livelihood, and with enough leisure to devote to athletics and sport by the side of their chosen avocation or line of study. This is the body of men which principally constitutes the membership of the football clubs formed by past students of the various great public schools, such as the Old Carthusians—the present holders of the Amateur Association Cup—from Charterhouse; the Old Harrovians, from Harrow; the Old Etonians, from Eton; the Old Westminsters, from Westminster School; the Old Cheltonians, from Cheltenham; the Old Wykehamists, from Winchester; the Old Cranleighans, the Old Foresters, etc., etc.

Such, then, has been the influence of the great centres of learning and of the crack amateur organizations to which they have given birth, together with that of the London Football Association, in which many of them are incorporated, that throughout the eastern counties and the South, from Cornwall and Gloucester on the west to Kent on the east, the hundreds of other Association football clubs have up to the present remained faithful to the principles of non-professionalism, with two exceptions, and have thus continued to afford that striking contrast with the North and Midlands which I have already pointed out. Nevertheless, there is no feeling of animosity, and the crack amateur clubs play against the professional teams, and arrange tours reciprocally.




A THROW IN FROM TOUCH.

The Association game—or "Socker," as the young Englishman sometimes familiarly dubs it—is radically different from its rival Rugby, the parent of the American college game, in that all carrying of the ball is done away with, the only man in the team who is allowed to handle the sphere being the goal-keeper.

The usual size of the field is one hundred and twenty yards by eighty. At either end, in the middle of the goal-line, are fixed two posts, twenty-four feet apart, and connected by a crossbar at a height of eight feet from the ground. It is the object of the contending teams to kick the ball between these posts and *under* the crossbar.

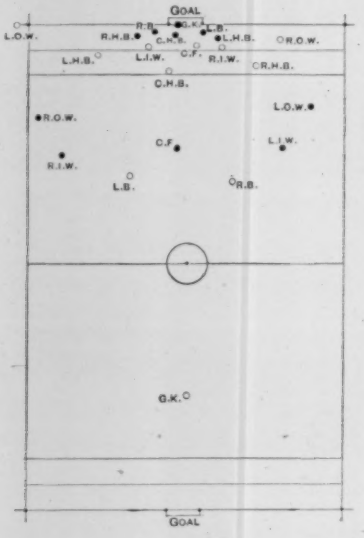
Two halves, of forty-five minutes each, are played, with an intermission of ten minutes.

The diagram of "Position at the Kick-off," shows the divisions of the field and the respective positions of the players immediately preceding the kick-off.

When play is about to commence the forwards of the

side having the kick-off range themselves along the centre-line, taking care not to advance in front of the ball until it is set in motion, while their opponents line up at a distance of five yards, yet always moving each in his allotted place. Of individual brilliancy there is no lack, but it is always in a first-class eleven subordinate to combination, or team-work, as it is called. There is perhaps no prettier sight to be seen than the short, sharp, quick passing from foot to foot, with its machinelike precision, of a modern Association football eleven.

The rules of the game are simplicity itself, and little therefore need be said by way of description. The one bone of contention has been, and still is to a certain extent, the question of off-side. Formerly, when the rule was the same as in Rugby, it was almost impossible to do any effective team-work, and brilliant individual achievements were what the players naturally aimed at, because on such depended mainly the success of the side. In 1876, or thereabouts, however, when the players began to recognize the importance of every man's keeping in a certain position on the field, science began to play a much more important part, and with the sudden upspringing




A CORNER.

shortly afterwards of the great provincial centres of football activity, the "passing" game soon came to supersede the purely "dribbling" one. Since then, unlike the Rugby game, Association has not only sanctioned passing forward, but actually depends almost altogether on that style of play, which was legislated for by an enactment that a man is off-side only when there are fewer than three opponents between him and the enemy's goal at the moment of his receiving the ball.

When the ball is kicked into touch, it is thrown out by one of the opposing team, usually the half-back; not at right angles to the touch-line, as in Rugby, but in any direction, and with *both* hands, as it was found that the one-arm throw, with its powerful swing, constituted far too great an advantage.

When, as not infrequently happens, one of the defenders sends the ball over his own goal-line, either accidentally or as a last means of warding off a particularly dangerous attack, a "corner" is granted to the attacking side. The ball is carried to the point of intersection of the goal and touch lines, and from there kicked by one of the half-backs or the outside wing in front of the goal.

Should any player other than the goal-keeper touch the ball while in play with any part of the arm below the elbow, the opposing team is granted a free kick. Needless to say, this has the effect of making every player extremely careful, as such a penalty is at all times dangerous, and when given in proximity to the goal, not infrequently results in the downfall of the citadel. No goal, however, can be obtained by a penalty kick unless the ball touch a second player in transit.

Simple though the rules of the game are, it must not be inferred that the play itself is an easy matter. Far from it. The utmost skill, in addition to speed and stamina, is requisite for a successful player. For the centre forward judgment and coolness are of primary importance. Selfishness of play is less pardonable in him than in any other player, for he is the pivot of the attack, and concerted action depends mainly on him. He must keep his wings well together, particularly when nearing the goal, and feed both unselfishly and with good judgment. He must be an unhesitating and sure shot, and, above all things, keep a cool head in front of goal.

The main duty of the wings is to play well together, passing and repassing from inside to outside, and *vice versa*, with scarce any abatement of speed. It is to them, the outside man especially, that falls what dribbling is necessary in the modern game. Hence it follows that they should be speedy; and not only that, but expert at screw-kicking, so as to be able, in full career and without turning, to "middle" the ball accurately, that is, pass it to their own centre forward, or even, at times, right over to the opposite wing, should they perceive the course there to be clear, owing to the gravitation of the defence towards themselves.

The three half-backs, forming the first line of defence, must be constantly on the alert to break up the attack of the enemy's forwards; always on to the ball, never flagging an instant, seeking to intercept passes, and to destroy the attacking combination before it has time to become dangerous. They should be good runners, so as to keep up with their opponents when passed, and to harass them when they try to kick.

The backs must, above all things, be first-class kickers; and to that end it is absolutely necessary for them to practise diligently every kind of kick—with the toe, with the instep, with the heel, even with the knee; the screw-kick, the overhead kick. They must be thorough experts at "heading" the ball, and they must learn thoroughly to understand each other's play.

Undoubtedly the most responsible position of all is that of the goal-keeper. He is the cynosure of all eyes. Of all the eleven members composing the team he must be the most quick-witted, the readiest of resource. Against a strong attacking force his position is anything but a sinecure, and frequently even the greatest alertness and the longest stretch of arm scarcely suffice to keep the citadel intact. The goal-keeper must first and foremost be as cool as the proverbial cucumber. He must know when to stop and throw out the ball, when to fist it out without waiting to catch it, when to kick instead of handling, and when, as is sometimes the only thing to do, to run out of goal and get at the ball in case the attacking forward overrun it or kick it ever so little too hard. Sometimes the only possible way to keep out a high shot is to give the ball an upward knock so that it will go *over* the crossbar. Then of course the enemy gains a corner, and the goal-keeper must see to it that the backs and half-backs protect him from a rush of the attacking forwards while he has time to clear the goal mouth. Of all shots, a high dropping one is the most difficult to manage, as it requires the most accurate gauging.

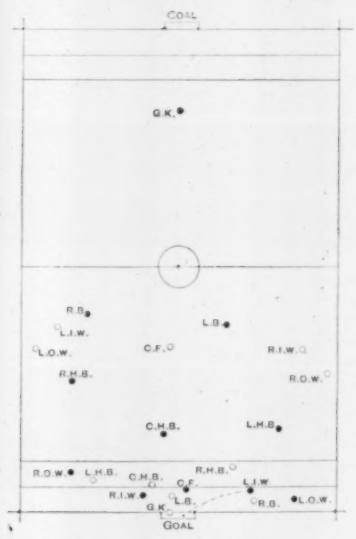
When the attacking forwards send the ball over the goal-line, it is taken by the defenders to the six-yard line, and kicked off from there.

The goal-net is a useful improvement. Before its adoption disputes were frequent, whenever the ball passed very close to the posts, as to whether a goal had been scored or not; and certainly, in the case of a swift "screw" from the side, it was often quite impossible to declare with absolute certainty whether the ball passed inside or outside. Now, however, when the leather is found lodged in the net behind the goal-posts, no possibility of argument exists.

And now a few words with regard to the umpiring of matches. Prior to the adoption of the forward passing game but one official was deemed necessary, but the absolute impossibility of his being able to judge of all infringements of the off-side rule under the new conditions necessitated the appointment of a referee and two umpires for each game. The umpires are furnished each with a flag or cane, the referee with a whistle. When off-side is claimed one of the umpires either raises his cane or flag or takes no action, according as to whether he thinks the claim just or not. If both umpires raise their flags, the referee blows his whistle, while if only one umpire has seen an offence, it rests with the referee to sound his whistle or not, in accordance with his own judgment of the play in question. The contestants go on playing as long as the referee's whistle is silent, but directly its shrill call is heard the game is stopped, and the side at fault retire to a distance of five yards from the spot where the off-side play took place, where the ball is placed for a free kick, just as in the case of "hands."

Rough play (and Americans will do well to particularly note this) is almost unknown in England, even among the professional teams. A deliberate offender against the unwritten laws of gentlemanly conduct on the field is liable to suspension not only from the remainder of the game, but for the rest of the season. The referee is empowered to order a player off the field when guilty of foul or unnecessarily rough practices, and, if need be, to report him to the Football Association, which generally means suspension for a month at least.

There would seem to be no valid reason why the Association game should not be popularized in America. The creation of a league among the Eastern cities by the magnates of the National Baseball League was a step in the right direction, so far as making the people at large familiar with the game is concerned. It is to be feared, however, that it will never become truly popular as an American pastime until the colleges take it up in earnest; for, after all is said and done, it remains an undeniable fact




A GOAL KICKED.

that as present matters stand the professional element in sport is not on the same basis of public approval here as in England.

To declare that it is impossible to run the rival college and Association codes conjointly is simply to beg the question. Both Oxford and Cambridge have their Rugby and Association clubs; nor is this to be attributed to the fact that each university consists of a number of separate colleges; for most of these play under both codes, without any consequent clashing of interests. The fact is the two styles of play are so widely dissimilar that there is plenty of room for both, and the difference would only be accentuated here, where the collegiate game is even farther removed than the English Rugby from the Association game. And if amateur and professional football flourish in England side by side, it seems to me that nothing need stand in the way of a similar condition of things in the United States, where there is plenty of room, both in and out of the colleges, for amateur organizations to spring up. The Americans have shown that they can take up a new branch of sport or athletics with abundant energy, and enthusiasm enough to insure immediate success—witness the rapid rise into favor of that ancient and royal Scotch diversion, golf. And if golf, why not "Socker," for which there is a far wider field, besides greater facilities? Once the colleges and schools took the game fairly in hand, the formation of Old Boys' clubs, on the model of those in England, such as the Old Carthusians, the Old Etonians, etc., would naturally follow, and would provide a healthy stimulus to, among others, a large class of youths whose time at present must hang heavy upon them between attendance at city clubs and aimless strolls on fashionable thoroughfares.

It is true that the American leisured class is infinitely smaller than its English prototype, but then even in the old country there are thousands of amateur football clubs composed mainly of young men in business, who make their Saturday half-holidays the occasion for matches, which they attend either as participators or on-lookers; and there is little doubt that such Association clubs could be organized in all our great towns, and many of the smaller ones, with beneficial results. Various leagues, too, could be formed under the auspices of an American Amateur Football Association, similar in constitution to the governing English body, and with which they would each affiliate, and be governed by its laws. Of course, sport in general, as understood and followed in the "tight little island," is as ye, not much more than in its swaddling-clothes in the United States; but there seems no valid reason why American determination and energy should not rapidly make Association football, which is essentially a gentlemanly game, and very pretty as well as exciting to watch, become popular throughout the length and breadth of the land of the stars and stripes.

HERMAN MONTAGUE DONNER.

## COOTING.

ON a still day in the fall the sound of constant and heavy firing will be heard for miles inland from the Massachusetts coast; any question in regard to it will be answered by one word—"cooting." That word acts like a spell upon the New-Englander, making his mouth water for coot stew and his fingers itch to get hold of a gun-stock; it explains the presence on the shore of colonies of sportsmen, who fill the hotels and cottages lately deserted by the summer crowd of women and children, as well as the solitary shooting-boxes built on lonely beaches and barren headlands.

The most characteristic feature of this kind of gunning is the string of dories lying out to sea, anchored about a gunshot apart, and usually having two men in each boat. These lines are established at certain points along the coast known to be good stands. The choice "berths" on such a string would generally be the first six from the shore, which coveted places are the prizes which each dory's crew strains to win in the early morning races for positions; as the best are taken, the boats which arrive later must go further out, or can form a second line to the south, etiquette forbidding any boat from anchoring north of the first line. The boats take their places and put out wooden decoys before daybreak, and stay out till about ten o'clock, when the birds stop flying, beginning again in the afternoon and continuing till sundown. There are thus two trips daily to the shooting-line.

When there are but few coot flying, and these are shy, a cry of "Nor'ard!" runs along the line when a flock is coming, to make the men crouch down in the boats till the birds are over their heads; but when shooting is good, there is no time or necessity for concealment. Nothing seems to check the continual flight of the birds from the north over the boats. They take little notice of the fire of the first line, and give the second a nearly equal chance, only rising a little higher in the air. Then the men occupying the choice berths keep their guns hot pouring lead into the flocks as fast as they can fire and load. Sometimes the whole line will fire nearly together, followed quickly by the second, the smoke from frequent volleys hanging in the still air so as nearly to hide the boats.

Quite different from this quiet day gunning is the rough-day cooting; at the season when this sport is carried on, the sea may be like a mill-pond one day and under the influence of a raging northeaster the next, when no boat could get out, or live if it did. The man who can get a good bag on such a day has proved himself a sportsman. The rough weather seems to sharpen the senses of the coot, which get out of gunshot if they see a man on the beach. The usual method is to lie in the shelter of rocks on a point which the birds must weather in their flight alongshore, and shoot them as they cross.

The term "coot" covers a class of sea-ducks easily distinguished by the shape of their heads and bills. The most common is the large black coot with a white stripe on its wing, but with it fly numbers of the smaller gray variety.

GEORGE E. ERRINGTON.

## A CONFESSION.

My epic verse, my pet production, which I deemed
Sufficient to advance me to the highest peak
Of difficult Parnassus, goal of which I've dreamed
For many a weary year, came back to me last week.
The Editor I cursed, that he should stand between
My dear ambition and my scarcely dearer self;
Whose unappreciation forced to blush unseen
My one dear book, to gather dust upon my shelf.
That night in sleep an Angel fair came to my side.
And in her hand she held a scroll; in lines of flame
The name of him I'd cursed was writ; and when I cried,
"What portent this?" the rare celestial dame
Replied:
"Read here, O Ingrate base, the name of him thou'st cursed.
The very man of all men who should be the first
Thy love and lasting gratitude to know, since he
Still leaves the path Parnassian open unto thee—
A path which thou with halting rhyme, most ill composed,
Against thyself hast sought to keep forever closed.
*Read thou thy lines again!*"
Ah! bitter was the cup.
I read, withdrew the curse—and tore the epic up.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

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